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THE CANADIAN RED CROSS INFORMATION BUREAU

DURING THE GREAT WAR.



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Marian (Hoskell) Gutterie,

from  
Lady Drummond -

July 1932.

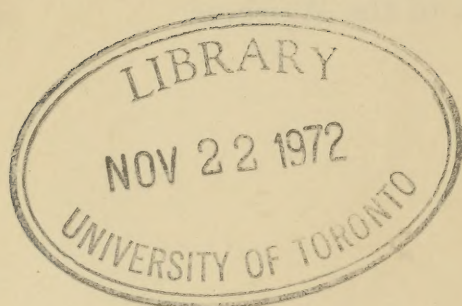




A STORY OF THE  
CANADIAN RED CROSS INFORMATION BUREAU  
DURING THE GREAT WAR.

TOLD BY  
IONA K. CARR,  
One of the Workers.

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## FOREWORD.

More than ten years have passed since the Bureau closed.

When Peace came we were scattered to our various homes and in order that the world might as soon as possible return to the normal the necessity was laid on us to live our daily lives almost as if nothing had happened, as if those five years had been but a tragic interlude unrelated to what went before or followed after, or even as the substance of a dream—a dream of impossible contradictions, as all dreams are, of things noble and exalted, of things mad and monstrous and distorted from which mankind had at last awaked. But we know, who worked together through those years of splendour and of pain, we know that never did we come into such close touch with reality as in those years, and the mark and the memory of them are forever ours.

One of us, Mrs. Carr, has written the story of the Bureau, written it in such detail that it could almost be reconstructed from her pages and at the same time has so caught and transmitted its spirit that as we read we live it all again. I think that a number of those who worked for the Bureau might be glad to have this record but the workers are widely scattered, names and addresses have changed, and it would be difficult to form an estimate of the probable demand, should it be placed on sale. For these and other reasons there has been issued for the present a very limited number of copies, which will be for private circulation.



It is possible that some will read the story who were not with us. For their information it should be said that the Bureau was only a "bit" of the work carried on by the Canadian Red Cross Society during the War. It had nothing to do, for instance, with the provision, equipment and control of hospitals, nor with the mass distribution of supplies. These were the concern of the C.A.M.C. and of the Canadian Red Cross Society through its Commissioners in England and in France. The distinctive work of the Bureau was that it supplied the personal touch so necessarily lacking in the awful business of war, when the individual is merged in the mass and known by a number. Its objectives, on the one hand, were our wounded soldiers in hospital, on the other, their next of kin across the sea. In so far as it brought solace to these, the sense of one who cared, its prayer was answered, its purpose accomplished, and those who were privileged to share in its ministry say from their hearts—Thank God.

Mrs. Carr has written, with the enthusiasm of one who worked at the Bureau, that the thought and inspiration were mine. Truly the thought and wish were in my heart as I stood on the shore at Quebec to see the first Canadian Contingent sail away—fearful, some of them, not of the perils they went to meet, but lest the battle should be over before they had had a chance to prove their mettle and bring honour to their country's name. I think many of the wives and mothers who waved "Farewell" from the shore, forcing the brave semblance of a smile, must have had the longing to go too, that so they might be near their men in the hour of trial, that so they might mother not only their own but all who were destined to suffer in the Great War. But for women as for men it had to be, so far as possible, "business as usual," and for the great majority of women the call was to the ordinary routine of the home—I have always felt that theirs was the harder part.



But whether they went or stayed, all bent their energies to the same task. It was Canadians at home who, as one of our soldiers wrote us, "made this kindness possible." It was their gifts that we passed on, and in what wonderful measure they came—sometimes marked for special purposes, oftener just for the "comfort fund"—from the many branches of the Canadian Red Cross, from I.O.D.E. Chapters, from the farmers of the West, from clubs, societies, and circles all the way from Halifax to British Columbia and the Yukon—from the U.S.A. also, for generous cheques came to the Bureau from the Allies Bazaar in Boston and from the Women's Canadian Club there (President of Club, Mrs. Franklin Walter). Again and again, too, great boxes packed with comforts came from Canadian and American women in Berkeley, California, while the British Canadian Red Cross of San Juan, Porto Rico (President, Mrs. Fred C. Holmes) sent cheques and packages in happy alternation. So, amidst all the horrors of war, was there such union of hearts and hands as never before.

Mrs. Carr, in her narrative, has alluded to a few of those who individually gave us outstanding help. Let me close with a word of thanks to her.

While we worked in the Bureau there was little time to transmit to paper the happenings of a single hour or day, and when it closed, when the curtain rang down at last on the greatest Drama in the history of the world, and our work—our bit of the work to which we had given our heart and soul—was no longer required, a silence fell upon many of us. How could we talk to the busy world of that manifold experience, a world that seemed for a time to be only anxious to forget? But we are glad that Mrs. Carr has written for us of things that otherwise would have remained untold and been forgotten. Her record has a lively, sometimes a poignant interest for us, and any picture of that time will, as the years pass, have a peculiar and increasing value.

It may be that in some far off to-morrow a forgotten copy of this volume will come to light in "somebody's drawer" which will convey to another generation something of the glory and the suffering, the striving and the sacrifice—the hope for that we see not—which set forever apart the greatest and most terrible years the world has seen.

JULIA DRUMMOND.

Mrs. Carr's address is—

CHERRY COTTAGE,

BRAYWICK ROAD, MAIDENHEAD.



## A PLAIN TALE FOR CANADA.

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### THE STORY OF THE INFORMATION BUREAU, OVERSEAS, CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### HOW THE IDEA WAS BORN.

“ Out from under stars I know not,  
Come they to fight for me  
Sons of the sons I nurtured.”

*Lauchlan Maclean Watt.*

On the 10th February, 1915, the famous First Canadian Contingent landed in France. These men, volunteers who had rushed eagerly to enlist, fired with the best instincts of manhood, sore with anger at a small nation's suffering, proud and confident of the honour of the Empire which they asked to serve, had just won through a trying apprenticeship to war. During months of training, first in Canada and later on the desolate mud flats of Salisbury Plain through an inclement English winter, they had been held in leash. It was a memorable, unforgettable winter, that of 1914-15, one of cold, insistent rain that drove with icy whips the waterlogged trenches of France and Flanders. Listening night after night to the dreary swish on the window pane, waking morning after morning to harrowing misery, one's heart went out to the men who were so doggedly carrying on. Sad news winged its way steadily back from the battlefield, and blow after blow fell upon the first fresh enthusiasm that had raised the standard of war. Might often seemed greater than right, in spite of the firm faith never to forego.

What wonder, then, that the women who watched and prayed and thought through that winter, their vision sharpened and made clear by anxiety and terrible knowledge, should foresee the day when their men might turn to them, simply, and as children to their mothers, for the comfort and solace that are the natural outcome of the maternal spark that smoulders in every woman's heart, until some torch lights it, above all the torch of war?

As early as November 1914, Lady Drummond crossed from Canada to England, looking for some opportunity to put into practice a scheme that was little less than a splendid inspiration. It was her absorbing wish to bring to the fighting men of Canada, when they returned from the battle line, sick or wounded, some sense of personal interest and sympathy, of individual thought and care. The leaders of a people in times of war are forced to look on men merely as units of an army. The individual does not exist, unless he may be said to do so as a rank or a number. The need for collective strength under discipline demands all effacement of personality. But if a rank or a number became a broken piece of humanity, sick, wounded, or a prisoner in the enemy's hands, then could the women of Canada not care for their own—binding up with gentleness and sympathy the wounds that the surgeon's skill had cleansed; helping to erase from tortured minds memories of the dread fields of dying and the dead?

Thousands of miles separated Canadians from their homes, and as many miles lay between those home folk and the men who were fighting. What anguish this separation, and all its dreaded consequences, was bringing to those who were left behind, across that wide barrier of ocean! The secrecy of movements of armies, the embargo on information of any kind, the fear of losing touch with the son or the husband or the lover—such thoughts haunted the minds of men and women in those first days of upheaval. Some organisation that would establish a link between the wounded man and his home, some dependable agency that would think and act for their sick lad, not as a soldier, but as a man in need of help and comfort in a bad time—this was the vision that haunted the large-hearted weaver of plans; and having dreamed, she never let the vision go.



## THE START.

“O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine  
Along the mighty labyrinth.”

*Walt Whitman.*

For some time she waited. In the bustle of war, womanly schemes do not easily gain serious attention, and people then were only beginning to suspect in womankind the latent powers that later were to be so gloriously proved. But one day the necessary authorization came. The Canadian Red Cross Society represented in London by Col. Charles Hodgetts, Chief Commissioner, approved the plan to establish an Information Bureau as one of its activities and Col. Hodgetts, then and thereafter its friend, gave Lady Drummond a free hand to organize and direct it and left the way open for the widest expansion of the work.

So on 11th February, 1915, the day after the First Contingent landed in France, three ladies were put in possession of a couple of rooms in the Canadian Red Cross Society's headquarters in London, at that date 14 Cockspur Street. They were Lady Drummond as head and director, Miss Erika Bovey and Miss Ermine Taylor, and the alliance was known as the Information Department\*, Casualties and Prisoners.

Looking back down the long avenues of memory, more than four years of steady and, to the personnel, satisfying work, it is amazing to realise how much grew from that modest inauguration. One is convinced, by results, how truly that ambition was justified; an ambition at once so great, since it comprised so wide a field, and yet so simple, for all it sought was the privilege of being a friend to every fighting Canadian, and to his people.

At the front—so it must be—the individual was merged in the whole. In this merging by self-forgetfulness he found strength, courage and inspiration. But when he should come back, wounded, the natural human craving would assert itself, and away from his usual environment of home and familiar surroundings the sick man would have a desperate craving to be of particular interest to Somebody.

\* Afterwards changed to Bureau.

The Bureau was to be that Somebody, a very particular Somebody, to help, comfort, encourage and show him that 'eager charity that out of difficult ground, springs like flowers in barren deserts.' It was to be a voice for those across the sea to whom that one man was a more absorbing anxious thought than all the world besides. Many men were bound to return from the fields of death and glory not only physically broken, but sick at heart and despondent, and the best system of healing for such could only be some moral influence, sympathetic and stimulating.

✓ In grey old London, therefore, on that February day, was forged the first 'link with home,' as one of the men themselves put it, and the Information Bureau came into existence. It says much for the clever assembling of ideas among the three who first tackled the problem that the scheme of working, in its entirety, was never altered from first to last, although it was enlarged and greatly expanded.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SYSTEM OF WORK.

"Take in thy right hand thy banner, a strong staff fit  
for thine hand ;  
Forth at the light of it lifted shall foul things flock  
from the land ;  
Faster than stars from the sun shall they fly, being  
lighter than sand !"

*Swinburne.*

The first step was the issuing of a Circular dated February 1915, and headed Canadian Red Cross Society, Information Department, 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W. It said :—

"February, 1915.

"The Canadian Red Cross Society has opened an Information Bureau at its London Office, 14, Cockspur Street, which will collect and distribute information concerning the sick, wounded, missing and prisoners of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

“ This work will be carried on with the co-operation of the Canadian War Contingent Association which has kindly undertaken to assist in the arrangements to be made for visiting the Hospitals.

“ A large number of voluntary visitors will be enrolled to carry out this work, both in the United Kingdom and abroad.

“ By special arrangement, the Hospitals will at once inform the Information Department of the arrival of any sick and wounded from the Canadian Contingent, this notification being forwarded to it on a distinctive blue postcard furnished by the Society.

“ In the case of the missing, inquiries will be made abroad through branches of the British Red Cross Society in Paris, Rouen, and Boulogne ; in Great Britain and Ireland through the Press and other Agencies. The British Red Cross Society has kindly undertaken to further these inquiries by adding the names of Canadian soldiers who have not been traced, to the weekly list of wounded and missing in Wednesday's *Morning Post*.

“ By these and other means it is hoped to get into touch with the largest possible number, and to bring comfort not only to the wounded, but to the relatives from whom they are separated.

#### *Duties of the Visitor.*

“ On receiving an intimation from this Office that a Canadian soldier has been admitted to a hospital in her district, the Visitor will call and obtain a report of his condition. This she will immediately forward to the Information Department of the Canadian Red Cross, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W., where it will be put on record and communicated to the relatives either by letter or by interview. Afterwards, the Visitor will be expected to keep this Office informed of the progress of the patient by sending in a report at least weekly. Forms and stamped envelopes will be provided for this purpose. She will notify it of his discharge, will see that he is under favourable conditions during convalescence, and will refer to the Department should its assistance or advice be required in such matters as Convalescent Homes, etc.



"The Visitor will be at liberty to write directly to the relatives, should this seem desirable, but such correspondence must in no case be a substitute for information furnished to the Canadian Red Cross Society.

"The Wednesday edition of the *Morning Post* will be sent to the Visitor, and she may do much to assist in tracing the missing, thus reported, through inquiry at Hospitals or through conversation with sick and wounded comrades.

"It is confidently expected that a large number will enrol themselves for this service.

"*Note.*—It is suggested to Visitors that they keep this circular for reference."

The *Morning Post*, however, almost coincidently with the issue of this circular, was obliged to withdraw the privilege of publishing lists of wounded and missing, since the totals, alas! were daily growing larger, and too long a tale for the space that was available in a daily sheet.

About a hundred Visitors responded to the appeal, and took up their duties at various Base Hospitals or large centres in France and England.

It was soon evident that the work of the Bureau must be many-sided, and that if the war went on it would grow to vast proportions.\* To fall behind in the day's work would be almost fatal, the work of yesterday could not be added to the work of to-day. So some hard thinking was given to the system. Lady Drummond said afterwards, in "explaining" the Bureau to someone, its apparent complexity, its divisions, subdivisions and sections—its smooth running withal and the perfect co-ordination of all its parts—that the principle on which she had acted throughout was that 'responsibility should be so divided among the departments, with their several heads, as to secure the maximum of interest and efficiency from each'—that to this end she had felt that the largest possible autonomy should be given to the several parts and that it was of first consequence that she should find suitable and responsible heads. Her choice was more than justified. Miss Erica Bovey and Miss Ermine

\* It may not be irrelevant though it is anticipatory to say that in one Section 59,429 "Permanent Casualties" were recorded from 1915 to the close. P.C.'s meant killed and missing.

Taylor have already been mentioned as having been associated with Lady Drummond from the beginning. Miss Erica Bovey, Head of the Enquiry Department, had an original and creative mind and excelled in details of organization. As the work of her Department grew to undreamt of proportions, she divided and subdivided it, classifying it in eight sections, each with its head, all closely inter-related. She gave the minutest attention to detail and seemed to bring down a new idea every morning ! She had also a temperament that carried her and others with her through times of extraordinary stress. Miss Ermine Taylor, with her trained intelligence and power of faithful attachment and concentrated effort, was, during her term of service (2½ years), a valued coadjutor.

The Bureau was indeed fortunate in its personnel. Amongst the first to join it may be mentioned Miss Jean Bovey, Mrs. David Fraser, Miss Beatrice Caverhill, Miss Elise Kingman, Miss Aimee Kemp, Mrs. Fred Hingston, Miss Helen Francis, Miss Mona Prentice, Miss Frances Newton, and Mrs. Cleghorn. Miss Jane Fleet tied the first string in the Parcel Department, but left shortly to take up nursing in an Anglo-French hospital at Arc-en-Barrois.

Mrs. David Fraser then took over this Department and, assisted by Miss Mona Prentice and an ever enlarging staff, administered the wonderful and limitless supplies of individual comforts from the Canadian Red Cross Society in Canada with business efficiency and a love and zeal that never tired.

There may also be mentioned here, before some attempt is made to tell a continuous story, the constant and sympathetic interest shown in the work by Lady Perley, wife of Canada's High Commissioner. As Head of the Canadian War Contingent Association, Lady Perley was already deeply engaged, but hardly a day passed without her calling at the Bureau to ask what service she could render and she gave it throughout her moral and practical support. Those who saw her there will remember her "faithful eyes" (Mr. Kipling said her eyes were faithful like a dog's !), and her cheerful and often humorous smile.



Through February and March, 1915, most of the Canadians that had returned sick or wounded from the front were men of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, which, it will be recollected, went out originally as part of a British Division and saw action some months ahead of the first contingent. April 1915, however, found the Canadians in the second battle of Ypres barring the road to Calais, choking and struggling against "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," more deadly and insidious than any bursting bomb or shell. To the end of time there is none of us who can forget the horror of the news of that first gas attack by the Hun. The little office of the Bureau was flooded daily with a press of poor sad anxious men and women, parents, wives, sisters—and friends, too, that the lads with their happy frank and responsive natures had made for themselves during their training in England. The workers in the Bureau had hardly time to breathe or rest for weeks in May and early June. They started work at 9 a.m. and often continued till midnight in conditions that just then were not unconnected with risk. Zeppelin attacks on England were unpleasantly frequent, the streets were darkened, the country had not long awakened to the danger of spies in its midst and rumours were rife that the Tube railway system, that convenient subway for the travelling Londoner, was probably mined. All underground travelling was forbidden therefore by anxious parents and guardians to the personnel of the Bureau. There remained omnibuses but these ceased running at night; sometimes work did not. So very often our intrepid little band of Canadian women might have been discovered almost feeling their way home through the darkened London streets reaching curbs and navigating crossings with the help of tiny pocket flash lights, any other lamps being by D.O.R.A. forbidden. And when they stayed late at the office they almost forgot the necessity for meals and fed when and how they could, sometimes persuading the caretaker's wife at 14, Cockspur Street, to cook and serve them some kind of a scrambled supper.

The building occupied by the Canadian Red Cross Society had been in pre-war days the office of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Co., and there were whispers of a safe full of gold hidden somewhere on the premises, and other uncomfortable possibilities. On the front of the building was a large clock which, in those days of darkest London, was, of course, never

illuminated. Judge then, of the Bureau's surprise when, one night between 9 and 10, the clock was suddenly discovered to be ablaze with light, and a remarkable object in the surrounding obscurity. Enquiry among the servants in the building could elicit no satisfactory explanation of the circumstances, and the police at Scotland Yard were at once communicated with. The contacts were cut, and the Hunnish clock shone no more.

Simple events of those early days of stress and turmoil induced one to laughter, often as a relief to unshed tears. It was the custom of the workers at the Bureau, when the long day of interview and enquiry was at an end, to settle down to its mass of correspondence, which, as midnight approached, would be sealed, stamped and prepared for the letter box. Climbing to the top of a late-running 'bus, with her arms full of a huge packet of such communications one of the workers felt the string give way. Patter, patter, patter went the letters, one after another, falling in a white shower through the darkness on to the roadway. At midnight, and with bed and supper in view, 'bus conductors, even those with kind hearts, are not altogether Samaritans. This one reached up for the bell-strap, a tug at which would urge his thudding vehicle forward and away. His action was more than a hint to his wouldbe passenger. If he spoke—and Cockneys are by habit loquacious—it was probably something after this style: "'Ere, Miss, I reckon you'd better get down an' gather up that there mess. 'Ope you'll 'it the box wiv it fair an' square next time. Sorry, Miss. Goo'night!"

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Miss Erica Bovey, now Mrs. J. G. Frith.

Miss Ermine Taylor, now Mrs. Geoffrey Evans.

Miss Beatrice Caverhill, now Mrs. Reginald Geary.

Miss Aimee Kemp, now Mrs. Cadell.

Mrs. Fred Hingston, now Mrs. W. G. S. Mitchell.

Miss Helen Francis, now Mrs. Jeffcott.

Mrs. Cleghorn—deceased.



## CHAPTER III.

### THE ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT AND ITS EIGHT SECTIONS.

- (a) *Appointment of Visitors.*
- (b) *Recording of General Casualties.*
- (c) *Reporting to Relatives of Wounded and Sick.*
- (d) *Recording Officers' Casualties.*
- (e) *Officers' Hospitality.*
- (f) *Verbal Enquiries (various).*
- (g) *Written Enquiries for Sick and Wounded.*
- (h) *Enquiries—Killed and Missing.*

This Department (as has been said) was in charge of Miss Erica Bovey, and fell gradually into the above sections.

There was handed to every wounded Canadian as he arrived in hospital either in France or in the United Kingdom a blue postcard (suggested by General Sir Alfred Keogh), ready stamped and addressed to Lady Drummond. On the reverse side it asked him to enter his name, regimental number, rank and battalion, the date of his entry into hospital, the address of the hospital, and the name and address of his nearest of kin. If the man, himself, was too sick to fill in the card some kindly nurse or comrade was always ready to do so at his dictation. These postcards, when received, would be compared with and corroborate the official lists from the Canadian Pay and Record Office, the latter furnishing medical details of the nature of the casualty. All information thus obtained was then recorded on a large card (white for the men, blue for the officers), and the card placed alphabetically in the files. From the recording room details were furnished to the Parcels Department, which would at once see to the despatch of a comfort bag and a card of greeting.

The next step was taken on the arrival of the Hospital Visitor's report, on receipt of which the card would be fetched from its file, the Visitor's report copied *in toto*, or in substance on to it, the entry dated, and the card handed to the head of the reporting room, who would then detail some assistant to write a letter to the next of kin, basing the information given entirely on the entries on the card. Each reporter, before handing back the card would initial and date the Visitor's report to indicate

that it had been passed on to the relatives, and the mail of that evening would carry off to some home in Canada, or elsewhere, an unbiased and whenever possible comforting account of the health of the wounded man and the condition in which he was found by his Visitor. These letters from the Bureau sometimes arrived at homes in Canada close on the heels of the official intelligence of a casualty, and proved, by countless letters received by Lady Drummond, to be of the greatest comfort to shocked and anxious relatives and friends.

This, briefly, was the routine and spade work of the Bureau. Each Visitor's subsequent report, as it came in, weekly, or in the case of convalescents fortnightly, would be added to the card. Each reporter would base the written message of comfort or congratulation on the entry against the Visitor's name, would initial date, and return the card to be filed again. The Parcels Department would despatch tobacco, cigarettes, and other comforts as requested by the Visitor, the Newspaper Department send Canadian newspapers; the Drives and Entertainment Department bring diversion to the convalescent; and a Hospitality Section might arrange for him, if friendless, to spend his leave after discharge from hospital, in some kindly English home.

*Mrs J. Manning 21.3.14. Gaining strength very slowly able to take interesting Reading & a little Embroidery work although he had to lie flat on his back. I visit him as often as possible 24.3.14. 5. D. 28.3.14. Slowly gaining strength, still unable to sit up in Bed. Does the work & a little embroidery to pass the time 31/3/14. Still 3.4.14. No improvement very weak but Cheerful 4.4.14. Ed. 10.4.14. Very little improvement. It must be a comfort to his mother to know he has such a good Doctor & devoted nurses, he is now in a special ward with two others. He is very interested considering the seriousness of the wound, still pay him extra visits 12.4.14. 18.4.14. No improvement yet seems happy with Embroidery work helps him to sleep as it tires him. 24.4.14. Is still very ill. Temp. for 8. days was very high - now its below normal. Takes very little food. Today I made him steamed custard, ate half while I was there, home made things appeal to him. Do to he X Rayed tomorrow, will visit him in the evening. He is ~~not~~ anxious that his mother may have no news which will alarm her. Please tell her how well he is cared for & how he longs for letters from home 27.4.14. 1.5.14. Have visited him three times since last Report, a slight operation has relieved him, since he has been carried in bed out of doors in the sunshine & he looks very much better. It is a pleasure to know that reports give much comfort to his mother & folk. 5.5.14. W. Mrs Manning. 8.5.14. Still very weak, there is marked improvement. Is out (in Bed) in the sunshine 11.5.14. 5.5.14. Another operation has left him very weak, suffering very much, he eats so very little it is difficult to maintain his strength 19/7/14. Dr. 25/5/14. Done. improvement Doctors have made a thorough examination of internal wounds. Quite*

Facsimile of card giving resume of Visitor's Report. In this case these records covered a period of 18 months, till the patient was invalided to Canada. All the Bureau's records are now in the Government Archives at Ottawa.



But beyond and above all this routine, which in periods that followed a course of heavy fighting easily found occupation for a staff of 40 to 50 workers for 12 or 14 hours a day, there were innumerable enquiries, both verbal and written, which called for attention. The following are just a few incidents of one day in the office, every Department and Section of the Bureau being involved, more or less, in the course of dealing with the applicants :—

“ Pte. G. called. Had received letter from him about six weeks ago asking if wife and three children could be helped in some way to come across. Referred matter to Patriotic Fund, Montreal. Heard lately all settled and family to sail shortly. Had letter from G. asking if we could get him into Record Office—feels quite unfit for active service but cannot get decided opinion from Medical Board and may have to return. Sent someone over to Capt. S., Record Office, at once—latter said G. very nice fellow but at his best highly nervous. Will try and get him placed. So when G. called to-day sent him over to Record Office at once to Capt. S. who was his Platoon Commander—satisfactory arrangements will probably be made.”

“ Pte. D. called—one leg gone from hip—very depressed. No money—did not know how to get any. Just up from Shorncliffe where he was discharged to Canada. Knows no one here—no money in pocket. Sent him over in Miss S.’s car to Pay Office, where he got back pay without difficulty—he was then taken to Maple Leaf Club and left there—a happy man.”

“ Telegram received asking us to meet Pte. G. at King’s Cross Station at 1.55, and take him somewhere. Very lame and still far from well. Arrangements made at Maple Leaf Club to give him bed on first floor. Car went to meet him and took him to Club.

“ Miss S. and Miss P. will take both the above-mentioned lame soldiers a drive through London to-day. One of them has expressed a great wish for ‘ Sight Scening.’ ”

“ Pte. N. called—four ribs gone—pulled shirt aside and shewed great hole in side. A fine spirited fellow from British Columbia. Wants to go back and fight again or at least get taken on as driver of motor transport. Should the Medical

Board by ill-luck discharge him to Canada, could we get him a three weeks' furlough before sailing? Will never have a chance to see the Old Country again and has been so kindly treated here. We asked him to let us know, at once, of medical verdict."

"Cpl. C. called—showed evidence that his wife in Canada unfaithful. Wife still drawing his assigned pay, the separation allowance and help from Patriotic Fund. Sent his story over to Pay Office—man to call there and everything will be looked into at once and legal advice provided."

"Letter about Pte. B. whose mother in Canada has been anxiously enquiring for him—tells us that he was cashiered from the Army in August and has since been living under an assumed name, still in uniform, at a respectable boarding house. Told the Proprietress, family well off and she would get fully paid. Suddenly disappeared. We at once reported to proper quarter and steps being taken to trace him."

"Pte. L. called—said he had made up his mind that the first thing he would do when he arrived on furlough in London, would be to come in and thank Miss N. for her letters and newspapers which she had sent to him all the time he had been in hospital in Dorset—he had received them all regularly and they were like a 'breath of home' to him.

"Unfortunately Miss N. was away, but we gave him tea and he went away, after again expressing his thanks and appreciation, very cheery and happy, although he 'had missed his train by coming in!'"

(a) *Appointment of Visitors.*

"And one walked by me with unyielding eyes,  
Remembering ever what he would forget,  
The beating of the guns that tale by tale  
Counted out death.

*Gertrude Bond.*

Miss Carrie Holman, the first head of the Visiting Section, and a great enthusiast, realised to the full the importance of a good Visitor. Visitors were valuable assets to the Department, for they were practically the mouthpiece, the eyes and ears of the organisation. They could, in a few words of weekly reporting, give a clear, sympathetic and practical description of a case, thus helping the Reporting Section to draft a satisfactory



letter of comforting or valuable information to relatives and friends. They had to be tactful, discerning and kindly in their work, for they had to deal with every sort of nature in the patients whom they visited; and their visits were only allowed by courtesy of the hospital authorities, who were often, naturally, on their guard against outside influences.

A Visitor's duty consisted in looking up every patient in her charge at least once a week; in issuing to him the weekly allowance of tobacco, in procuring for him from the Parcels Department any extra comforts or luxuries she—it was generally a lady who visited—considered would help him towards recovery; in arranging for drives, outings and entertainment for him when convalescent, in writing letters for him if disabled or illiterate; finally, it was by the employment of some sixth sense, to feel and understand the needs of the character with which she had to deal.

Many a sick man made a real friend of his Visitor. Many a Visitor saw her boys pass on to Convalescent Camp or Canada with a deep regret, for she learned to love the various idiosyncrasies of her flock, and they, often, grew to watch for her coming. “Mrs. M. is in here very often with her little presents, pleasant smiles and kind words, which are very much appreciated by one and all” (extract from a Soldier's letter). She brought the sense of home, she spoke their language, or if, being ‘English’ she spoke it with a difference, she had perhaps a soft sweet way with her that was nearly as good as being purely Canadian! Not long after the war, Canada and the Canadian Red Cross welcomed the opportunity to “thank” one of these English Visitors by affording her every facility for seeing Canada from Coast to Coast, and as she went Miss Mallam, now Mrs. Freeman, was the guest of many relatives of Canadian soldiers whom she had visited.

The Visiting Section kept its own cross files of Visitors and the hospitals at which they visited. Also its own records of the number of times and the dates on which reports were furnished, so it was very easy to keep a finger on the pulse of service, and to see that none grew indolent in endeavour.

At bases or large hospital centres like Liverpool, Birmingham, Cardiff and Sheffield, "Convenors" were appointed who organised and controlled the visiting in their districts, being responsible to the Department for a sufficient and efficient staff of Visitors.

The following worked for the Bureau as Convenors all through the four years of its existence :

Mrs. A. W. Crooks, in Liverpool ;  
Mrs. Firth, in Sheffield ;  
Mrs. Griffiths, in Cardiff ;  
Mrs. Christian, in Eastbourne ;  
Mrs. Thursfield, in Birmingham ;  
Mrs. Lefroy, in Oxford ;  
Miss Stevens, in Cambridge ;

Mrs. Wilson, in Manchester, and Mrs. Robertson, in Glasgow, were two other Convenors who gave the Bureau valuable assistance, though not for quite so long a period.

As a sub-section to (a) There was Stationery, which was in charge of Miss Templar, an Englishwoman. From here were issued to Visitors (and each issue was noted and dated) supplies of stamped addressed envelopes, hospital report forms, post-cards notifying the Section of the fact that there were no more Canadian wounded in any particular hospital, or that so many had just arrived at some hospital which hitherto had received no Canadian patients.

At Easter, 1917, circumstances necessitated Miss Holman's return to Canada, and her place, for a few months, was filled by Mrs. Orr Ewing, who, in the autumn of the same year handed over the charge to Miss Mary Rickards. Miss Rickards had worked in the Section as Miss Holman's assistant, was familiar with all details, and under her capable and tactful guidance the Section steadily increased its number of Visitors until at the Armistice the names of well over 1,300 were on the files, some of them working two and even three small hospitals at the same time in their vicinity. Miss Kate Galt and Miss Peuchen were among those who visited in France.

All Canadians in the Royal Navy or in the R.N.C.V.R., who became casualties, were dealt with entirely by Miss Rickards, who appointed their Visitors, received the latter's reports, kept



records, and herself wrote to the next of kin. This, in addition to the ordinary correspondence of the section. Mrs. Alexander Woods, whose only son had been killed in the Royal Canadian Air Force, did outstanding work as a Visitor, devoting herself especially to the sick and wounded of that Force.

In 1917-1918, many companies of the Canadian Forestry Corps were engaged on forestry work in the United Kingdom, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the South of England. These men were occasionally brought into hospital suffering from sickness or accidents, or as the result of the re-opening of old wounds. Every hospital in the vicinity of such camps was circularised, and the C.O. was begged to report at once to the Bureau the arrival of any Canadian in his wards. When such intimation was received a Visitor—if not already existent—was appointed, with permission from the C.O. of the hospital; the Parcels Department despatched a comfort bag, and anything for which it might be particularly asked, and the Newspaper Department newspapers; the Bureau hoping that by these means a lonely Canadian might not feel altogether friendless.

All Visitors wore a special badge, issued to them by the Bureau, the design being a Red Cross on a white maple leaf against a blue background. The badge was intended to serve, partly, as a sign to hospital authorities that the wearer was an authorised worker of the Canadian Red Cross Society, partly to help any Canadian in the wards to recognise a special friend.

French Canadians, many of them speaking little or no English, were furnished, if necessary, with French-speaking Visitors, of whom a special list was kept for emergencies. Russo-Canadians and Japanese were also put in charge, on request, of suitable friends.

At all times the Section worked in close co-operation with the Chaplain Service, so that in any case of sudden or serious illness a Visitor might, at her discretion, ask that a Chaplain should be sent to visit a man.

Visitors, in short, if of the right kind, could exert a great influence, for it was in their power to guide, to a certain extent, the tastes and inclinations of the men in their charge. Many of the latter, without the safe bulwark of friendship with their

Visitor might easily have drifted into precarious acquaintance out of hospital hours. It was in order to prevent such tragedies that Visitors were encouraged to arrange through the Red Cross for outings and pleasant recreations for their men, when they could not, themselves, entertain them at friendly little tea parties in their own homes—a style of hospitality that was always much appreciated by the Canadian in hospital, especially if his hostess were an Englishwoman. It interested him to see a real English home, and he enjoyed its simple friendliness of welcome.

Most of the men certainly appreciated their Visitor, if the following letter is to be believed (and it was not the only one of the kind received by the Visiting Section):

“I am writing not only for myself, but for six other Canadian soldiers who were at —— V.A.D. Hospital with me. I have visited also —— V.A.D. Hospital in ——, Kent, and the boys there did express to me their appreciation of the gifts which were so freely given to us through your Red Cross Visitor, Mrs. H. She has been so wonderfully kind to all of us in visiting us and doing all in her power to make our stay in hospital cheery. Really, I cannot say too much for the way she treated we boys, who were perfect strangers to her, but as she said ‘We were Canadians.’ We all appreciated her visits so much, and I was detailed to tell you so.”

One other, comic and pathetic:—“The Red Cross is the soldier’s friend and is just making this war a pleasure for us.”

(b) *Recording of General Casualties.*

“Infinite riches in a little room.”

*Marlowe.*

Nothing in this title conveys the infinite patience, or exquisite exactness of the work entailed by recording. Here no mistakes might occur, for each soldier’s card on the files was a book of reference from which no appeal was possible, and for that very reason Miss Erica Bovey was severely strict in guarding her files from any casual interference, employing on them a picked and trained staff of workers; for, as she rightly said, in times of rush there was no leisure to teach new hands, and it was everything to be able to trust assistants who were



capable, quick and experienced. This section was her own particular charge, but in special responsibility under her was Miss Eva Kingman, assisted by Miss Sutherland, Miss Morkill and Miss Cornelia Kohl. When Miss Kingman went to France, Miss Bella Mackinnon ably filled her place. Mrs. W. W. Bolton, of British Columbia, joined the Section in 1916, giving part of her time to hospital visiting.

There were often close on 40 people working files a day, from which some idea may be gained of the labour involved.

(c) *Reporting to Relatives of Wounded and Sick.*

“ Their friends are waiting, wondering how they thrive,  
Waiting a word in silence, patiently. . . .”

W. W. Gibson.

When the Bureau first opened Miss Beatrice Caverhill was in charge of the Reporting of General Casualties, but that soon became an impossible task for one, or even two or three, and Reporting rapidly grew to a Section that employed sometimes thirty letter-writers, writing all day long to relatives from the information supplied by Records. At the end of 1916 Miss Caverhill moved on to take charge of the Officers' Hospitality Section, and Miss Constance Scott and Mrs. Clemson joined Section C. Among other long-time workers in this Section were Miss Kathleen Waring, Miss Marion Morkill, Miss Elspeth Laird, Miss Nepean, Miss Dorothy Macphail, Mrs. Forrester, Miss Doris Ryde and Mrs. Masterton-Smith.

Reporting was a fine art, and one that required careful consideration, for each letter that was written was a link in a history that began when a man entered hospital, followed him through every phase of his illness, to a change of address if need be, to Convalescent hospital, and ended only with his discharge to the depot or Canada. Dealing with thousands of similar cases it was necessary for each letter writer, in order to avoid repetition of news, to initial the entry from which she compiled her letter and to place against her initials the date on which her news was written. This made it easy to see at once, if enquiries were made, when and how often a man's relatives had been given definite first-hand news of him. His Visitor's name was also inscribed on the Recording Card, so any special enquiry

or request about him was easily and quickly referred to her through the head of the Visiting Section, and the answer despatched as soon as received.

Letter-writers, as we all know, are born, not created even by a necessity, and this branch of the work required a staff of peculiar ability. It is not a simple thing to tell the truth and break a woman's hope, to give sympathy for the confidence that you must weaken. The letters to be written were not always the bearers of glad tidings, alas ! but such were never written without a full and deep understanding of the pain they must inflict, and a loving compassion for those who would receive them.

(d) *Recording Officers' Casualties.*

“ What dreams of the ideal . . .  
What cheery willingness for their sake to give up all,  
For others' sake to suffer all.”

The names of all officers in hospital were to be found on the files of the Bureau and were recorded in the same manner as the men's, but except in special cases and by special request they were not visited, nor were their cases written about to their relatives.

If any officer were reported to be seriously ill the M.O. of the Hospital was at once written to for a full report of his patient's condition, so that any enquiry on the latter's behalf might be promptly answered.

Miss Mackinnon's work in this Section was invaluable ; also Mrs. Watts', who when she left for duty at the Connaught branch of the Maple Leaf Club, was succeeded by Mrs. William Stewart of Montreal.

(e) *Hospitality to Officers.*

“ We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,  
We should count time by heart-throbs.”

*P. S. Bailey.*

It was not the policy of the Bureau to organise regular visiting of officers since officers being freer agents than the men were better able, in a sense, to find friends and entertainment for themselves, but any officer who asked for a visitor was supplied with one.



Towards the end of 1915, Lady Drummond, feeling that there might be officers who were as lonely as the men, had the idea of writing to each as he was reported to have arrived in hospital, a personal letter of greeting and enquiry with an offer of hospitality. Each Nursing Sister sent to hospital, sick or wounded, received a similar letter. There was a wonderful response and the Hospitality Section became one of the busiest and happiest sections of the Enquiry Department.

The hospitality offered was unbounded. A great list of hostesses was enrolled throughout the United Kingdom and it would be difficult to express the debt of gratitude that Canada owes to these kind friends in the Old Country, who, even through the difficult and trying days of war rations, always kept open house, and were ready, on receipt of a wire or telephone message, to receive any officer for whom the Bureau should ask their care and hospitality.

From an Imperial standpoint this mingling of British and Canadian character, affording interchange and exchange of ideas, could only tend to broaden the views and sympathies of all concerned. By meeting on the common ground of fraternity and friendship Britishers learned much they had not known before of Canada, Canadians much they had not guessed of the British Isles. A delightful letter came in to the Bureau from an officer whom the Hospitality Section had sent to stay with an English family :—

“ Did I understand you to say,” he wrote, “ that my unknown friends would be kind ? Well, this visit bids fair to go on record as one of the most pleasant memories of my life. Never in all my life have I experienced more thoughtful kindness. It is a beautiful home, with an ideal situation. Mrs. H. had their family physician call and see me yesterday, and I am now really in his care. It is certainly worth while to live in this atmosphere for a time.”

Among the letters that are treasured by Lady Drummond is one that expresses beautifully the point of view of a man to whom sympathy and consideration meant more than mere brotherly kindness—the gallant young writer was killed in action only a very few months after she received his letter :

“ Dear Lady Drummond,

“ Your very kind letter was only received by me yesterday, as I was evacuated from the Kitchener Hospital, Brighton, before your letter reached there, and I am now on a month’s sick leave before I go up before a Board again.

“ I am luckier than most of our Canadian officers in England in the fact that my mother is living over here, and I am now at home, otherwise I would have certainly taken advantage of your kind offer of a visit to one of the country houses which people have been so good as to put at your disposal.

“ I cannot end this letter without telling you how sincerely and gratefully we people out at the front appreciate the kindness, the generosity and the devotion of the ladies in the Canadian Red Cross Society.

“ *No one* who has not actually passed months of his life out at the front can possibly realise the inestimable value of what you are doing. I do not believe that men could carry on indefinitely out there if they were not stayed by the sense of support from home which is given to us—this sense of support I mean—by the gifts we so constantly receive, and the devoted care that is taken of us when we reach England wounded.

“ The material alleviations which make our lot so much more bearable throughout the misery of night and day warfare are incalculable, but I have so often heard the sentiment expressed by men and officers alike out there that the game would hardly be within the compass of a man’s endurance for any length of time if it was not for the encouragement and devotion of the women at the back of us at home.

“ Some people have no real idea of what a vital part this sort of home support plays in the morale of an army. Very few people seem to say it, and so I hope that you will pardon me for being one of the people who cannot help *saying* what all we men feel, and feel every day, out on the firing line, and when we come home wounded.

“ Believe me, very truly yours,

“ VERNON H. DE B. POWELL,

“ Capt., 13th Bty., C.F.A.”



After the beginning of 1917 there was accommodation for sixteen Canadian officers at the late Viscount Milner's place, near Canterbury, Lord Milner having approached Lady Drummond with an offer of Sturry Court and Broad Oak Lodge to be used for Canadian convalescent officers for the period of the war—the matter was to be simply between friend and friend, as Lord Milner wished to be free to visit his own home when he desired. Lady Drummond therefore assumed the responsibility herself, furnished Broad Oak Lodge, which was then vacant, and gratefully accepted Lord Milner's offer which included the provision of a full staff of servants at Sturry Court. At Lady Drummond's request, Mrs. H. B. Yates, assisted by Miss Jessie Hannah and a band of Canadian V.A.D.'s, took charge. Mrs. Yates, being called to other duties, was succeeded by Mrs. A. T. Ogilvie in 1918. These Homes, under happy and efficient management, were so successful that the Canadian Red Cross Society decided to have a similar Hostel of its own. At Moore Court, Sidmouth, one was opened, which Mrs. Yates, with her previous experience, helped to organise; Lady Allan afterwards taking charge to the close. This, too, was most popular, a true home for war-worn Canadian officers. The Bureau was glad to send there, also, not only wounded officers on leave, but after the Armistice many Canadians in the Royal Air Force, who were long delayed in securing transport to Canada, and who found indefinite leave a heavy strain on their finances. For such, it was a pleasure to arrange hospitality, and to relieve them of a very serious worry.

From February, 1916, to January, 1919, 3,330 leaves were arranged, and 2,839 Canadian officers were entertained in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The hosts and hostesses numbered between 200 and 300, and hospitality ranged from the quiet routine of an ordinary household to the more luxurious life of a northern castle, with hunting, shooting and fishing for sport.

This Section also concerned itself with arrangements for sending officers and men for drives, to entertainments, to public ceremonies, and to such famous race meetings as the Victory Derby and Gold Cup Day at Epsom; the cars being supplied and driven by the staff of the Drives and Entertainments Department. As many as 40 officers were driven to the Derby

in June, 1919, and given lunch on the course. Needless to say they were delighted to have the chance of seeing the famous race in such a famous year, and to be the guests of the Red Cross for the day.

From the start of this Section in 1916 until it closed its work in August 1919, Miss Beatrice Caverhill was the fate at the helm of direction, and never could better or more devoted workers be found than herself and Miss Elsie Kingman, who shared her responsibilities. Always ready to plan, always resourceful in difficulties, with information as to the best routes of travel, the best homes, at their fingers' ends, these ladies were walking encyclopaedias and railway guides to all who sought for advice at their office table.

(f) *Verbal Enquiries re Casualties.*

“ When necessity seems on thee  
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
Fate and force are closing o’er thee.  
Call on us.”

*A. H. Clough.*

Verbal enquiries were of all kinds, and not confined entirely to the condition and progress of men in hospital. The Bureau often had to justify its title, and to supply information dealing with subjects of the widest character. News was received one day, for instance, that a soldier’s wife with her family of young children was at the moment in the shelter of a London police station. For some reason her allowance from the Pay Office had been delayed, she had not known what to do, and had arrived destitute in London ; had spent one night in the railway station, the next in the police station, and now would the Red Cross advise and arrange ? The Bureau immediately collected and lodged her and the children in a hostel while the case was brought to the notice of the Pay and Record Office.

A Naval Lieutenant, twice torpedoed, had lost all he possessed, and called at the Bureau, having literally nothing but the clothes he stood in. The Bureau arranged by cable to get him money from his bank in Canada, and secured him a recommendation for a passage home in a hospital ship, since his terrible experiences had left him, naturally, on the verge of a nervous breakdown.



These and many others were problems brought to the Bureau, and solved by the help of Lady Drummond and her workers in Section F; Miss Liliass Torrance and Miss Diana Meredith being her chief assistants in this branch. As a rule enquiries dealt with wounded men in hospital, the latest news of them, the quickest route by which to go and see them. If the case were serious and the friend or relative lived a long way from the hospital and was unable to afford the expense, help was often afforded by paying half the return fare. Men who wished for work in England were directed where to apply, and how to make their application, voluntary workers offering their services were interviewed, cases of distress were enquired into, and if genuine, relieved, cables were despatched to Canada for men who were in anxiety about their home folk—all day long there was action to be taken as the result of verbal enquiries.

(g) *Enquiries for Sick and Wounded.*

“ Had he his hurts before ?

Ay, on the front,

Why then, God’s soldier be he ! ”

In 1917, after Miss Ermine Taylor left the Bureau the Section of which she had been in charge was divided into two : (1) enquiries for Sick and Wounded, (2) for Missing and Killed. Mrs. Jameson was appointed head of the first, Mrs. Herbert Ellissen of the second.

Enquiries for Sick and Wounded were, in a measure co-relative with the work of reporting to relatives of Sick and Wounded. There was, however, this difference, that the Section supplied, on request, and after reference to the Medical Officer of a hospital, or to the Red Cross Visitor, more technical details of a man’s wound or illness.

Sometimes also, letters from relatives would commission the ladies of the Bureau to purchase little extras for a wounded man, or would beseech them to find out if his mails were reaching him satisfactorily.

Occasionally an English girl would write to ask whether she was safe to marry some Canadian soldier who had asked her to be his wife, or a soldier would, himself, write to ask if the Red Cross would not cable how his wife or some sick child was progressing.

One day there was a cable from France to the Bureau :  
“ Enquire *re* child of Private — ” (giving address). Next day  
the Red Cross through the Bureau replied to France : “ Child  
suffering pneumonia, better, up to-day first time.”

Mrs. Jameson did not run her Section on dilatory lines, as  
may be believed after reading of this question and quick answer.  
The work of the Section, generally, was prompt, accurate and  
of immeasurable value in gaining the confidence of the men and  
women who appealed to it.

(h) *Enquiries for the Missing and Killed.*

“ Beyond those tangled spheres  
The Archangel’s trumpet calls ;

\* \* \* \*

The Army of the Dead  
Goes by, and still goes by,  
Look upwards, standing mute,  
Salute ! ”

These were the files of glory and honour, and it is to be  
doubted if any one kinder and more sympathetic could have  
been in charge of them than Mrs. Ellissen. It was her constant  
care to do everything in her power to assist the many sad,  
broken-hearted people who wrote to beg the Red Cross to get  
them some information, however small, of how their boy had  
died, where he was buried, if anyone had seen him fall, or had  
been good to him when he lay dying.

And that awful word “ Missing ”—striking a colder chill  
to loving hearts. Many a letter of comfort was written round  
that theme to homes oppressed by the mystery of the unknown.

It was a room full of sad files, magnificent reminders of  
deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice, or duty. Impossible to touch  
the cards, each with its tragic history, without feeling something  
of the splendour that had shone on an Empire through the death  
of her sons.

The Section did its work mainly by enquiry through the  
British Red Cross, whose searchers visited rest camps, ambulance  
trains, base depots, hospitals everywhere, to gather what news  
it could from former comrades of the men on behalf of whom  
enquiry was made. The result in most cases was wonderful,  
often bringing comfort to some sad heart, even when doubt



might not be altogether banished, by the warm-hearted testimony of friend or follower. "This was the finest officer we had, and we just loved him." "He was a fearless soldier, and his death was a great blow to us all." Such epitaphs set a crown on suffering, and blunted the keen edge of sorrow.

Searchers for the Missing were often able to get definite information which was passed on to the Canadian Record Office, through the Red Cross, and at once communicated to relatives. Lists of missing men were always circulated through all Prison Camps in Germany, in order that no chance of acquiring information might be left unproved.

Of men who died of sickness and wounds in hospital every detail of their last days was gathered and noted for the sake of the next of kin; and Hospital Visitors, whenever possible, paid the last tribute of respect to the men whom they had tended, by following them to the grave. The Red Cross through the Parcels Department, sent its wreath or sheaf of flowers in full-hearted sympathy with the parents or wives, who, so far distant, could not have the honour and comfort, themselves, of seeing their dear ones laid to rest.

For all who have died and are buried in English soil there is a corner sacred to Canada in the pine-fringed Cemetery of Brookwood, nor far from London. Here, side by side, and line upon line, as in the days they fought together, the sons of Canada sleep—soldier and sailor, officer and private. There is no distinction or difference in the crosses that mark their resting place, for all paid the same sacrifice, for the same great cause of Equity and Justice, and all are alike the glorious dead of the Dominion.

In France, for months after the Armistice, burial parties were at work collecting the Canadian dead wherever scattered into cemeteries that may be forever Canada in France and Flanders. There have been many pilgrimages to these hallowed spots and for some years after the war there was a Canadian Red Cross Hostel in London, in charge of Mrs. Fraser, where relatives, on their way to the battlefields, were lodged and assisted by the Canadian Red Cross.

Pathetic gifts in memory of someone dearer than all they possessed have come into the Bureau, with letters that brought one close to "the high soul of things" that is "made of men's heavenlier hopes and mightier memories." "I had intended the enclosed dollar for tobacco for my son, but I find now he is among the slain. I desire you to accept it for the Soldiers' Tobacco Fund." There is a great dignity of pathos in this simple little letter.

A Nursing Sister, for whom the Section secured the information for which she asked regarding some reliable witness of the death of her brother, wrote: "May God bless the Red Cross workers for all they do to soften and sweeten the hard bitter trials of this world."

If the Bureau, by its work, could soften and sweeten the bitterness of life to some of the many who suffered, it was amply repaid by the gratitude it reaped. Its achievement fell ever short of its ideal, but perhaps by striving it may have been able to 'discern true ends' and to have grown "pure enough to love them, brave enough to strive for them, and strong enough to reach them," before it wrote "Finis" to the task it had undertaken.

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Miss Mallam, now Mrs. Freeman.

Mrs. Orr Ewing, now Mrs. Charles Wilson.

Miss Eva Kingman, now Mrs. C. Eldon Black.

Miss Sutherland, now Mrs. E. J. Trott.

Miss Morkill, now Mrs. Roderick Mackay.

Miss Cornelia Kohl, now Mrs. P. P. Powis.

Mrs. Clemson, now Mrs. James.

Miss Dorothy Macphail, now Mrs. Lionel Lindsay.

Miss Doris Ryde, now Mrs. G. P. Hedges.

\*Mrs. Masterton-Smith, later Lady Masterton-Smith.

Miss Lillas Torrance, now Mrs. Fred Newton.

Miss Diana Meredith, now Mrs. O'Reilly.

Mrs. Jameson, now Mrs. Wybrants.

Mrs. Herbert Ellissen, now Lady Ellissen.

Miss Rickards, now Mrs. Reginald Nicholson.

\*Miss Templar.

\* Lady Masterton-Smith—deceased. \* Miss Templar—deceased.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE PARCELS DEPARTMENT.

“ A parcel from the Red Cross folk,  
My word, what a surprise !  
And as the string I quickly broke,  
I scarce believed my eyes.  
As happy as a little kid,  
I gazed with wid'ning eyes  
And kept on saying ' Never did '  
As I beheld each prize.

\* \* \* \*

And then a card with message on  
As though those Ladies good,  
Had looked upon me as a son.  
And knew just how I stood.”

*(Extract from a Canadian Soldier's letter in rhyme).*

During the existence of the Bureau, one fact always stood out with vivid force. It was the swift realization, by the men, of the spirit that guided the work. The man, quoted above, who sent this charming and clever acknowledgment of a ' comfort ' bag from the ladies of the Parcels Department, hit the nail straight on the head. Each boy, to whom a parcel went, was to all intents and purposes a ' son ' ; and with that thought in mind the Department planned and packed, putting in here, tucking into some corner there, in the parcel, odds and ends of useful commodities that would make the man who received it wonder how these unknown fairy godmothers had guessed just what was his greatest need and strong desire.

Coming out of the trenches with “ a very dirty uniform, some superfluous pieces of iron, and a tremendous grin,” as one valiant soul described it, there seemed to be nothing so comforting as the quick arrival of that comfort bag and its card of kindly greeting, which asked to know what it might send further.

“ Please send me something that you would like anyone to send if it was your boy,” was the artless answer of one lad, an appeal so directly alluring to the maternal instinct that probably every worker in the Packing Room at once started packing a parcel for the writer.

The Parcels Department was a strange mixture of common sense and idylls. The packages that left its doors were always larger, broader, deeper and fuller than the recipient had hoped or dreamed of, yet they were not scattered broadcast as largesse to men in the hands of a crowd. Each bit of gum, each pair of boots, or tin of soup, or pair of crutches, was noted on the card of the man to whom it was sent, and the entry dated. The man's name, number, rank, battalion, description of casualty, hospital address and Visitor's name were also on that card, and if any query were raised as to whether he did or did not receive champagne from the Red Cross on Christmas Eve—why, the card could tell a tale if no one else could.

And the lady who presided for four years and more, over this wonder store, had a marvellous aptitude for recognising and remembering individual names and cases, their needs and necessities, as soon as their Visitor might write or speak of them, which, considering the thousands of names she had on her files was little short of miraculous. All day long people came and went by her office table, Visitors to ask for stores, railway transport carriers to discuss rates for freight, commercial travellers to book orders occasioned by some sudden urgent demand (during the submarine menace the transport of supplies from Canada was much interfered with), men from hospital asking for shirts, razors, boots, mittens, etc., etc., heads of other departments with points to be cleared or disputed and argued out, telegraph messengers with wires and cables, a secretary with letters to be acknowledged, signed, or dictated, and all the time telephone messages from the Red Cross warehouses, the Customs Officer, the Chaplain Service, some hospital in need of supplies, some Matron needing extra comforts for a very sick man—this was the routine of a day for the head of the Parcels' Department, and her staff of recorders and packers were involved in its reflex action of results. There were times when four thousand Christmas stockings had to be packed and despatched in four days. When casualties were reported by the thousand, and each and all must receive a kit bag without delay, when influenza raged in town and hospital and the Department, itself understaffed by illness, had to reply to urgent calls from every quarter for extra nourishment in the shape of fresh eggs, fruit or wine for serious cases. Life was strenuous, but extraordinarily interesting in the Parcels Department, and the tragedies,



romances, comedies, stern realities and humours on which its personnel touched, in the tying and untying of their parcels, might fill a book, to which the preface might be a phrase once employed by one of the men : "After an unfortunate interview with the enemy ——."

In March, 1915, the Department first began its work in *one* room in Cockspur Street. Before it closed its ledgers and put away its scissors and string it was occupying ten rooms in Berners Street, and these were none too many.

Miss Jane Fleet was in charge during the spring of 1915, Mrs. David Fraser and Miss Newton (the latter an Irish lady), assisting. Miss Fleet eventually left England to take up nursing in France, and Mrs. Fraser succeeded her ; Miss Mona Prentice taking the latter's place as assistant. This arrangement, with Miss Newton as special "buyer," continued until 1918, when Miss Prentice was appointed private secretary to the Commissioner, a post for which she was admittedly suited, having been in charge of all the special correspondence between the men in hospital and the Parcels Department.

During the first weeks of its existence the Department planned and made ready for any sudden influx of men to hospital. That happened after the fighting in April, and immediately on receipt of the official lists of casualties a comfort bag and a printed card of greeting were sent to every wounded man in hospital, either in France or in the United Kingdom. The message said :—"This card takes you our kindest wishes, and will bring back any request or message you care to send."

Please note the subtlety of the phrasing, which bound no one to foolish promises, yet gave an earnest of every endeavour to fulfil a wish.

After the second battle of Ypres sometimes 500 of these cards with pencilled requests would return to the Department, which was naturally obliged to widen its ranks and to add to its staff. The fame of the 'comfort bag' had spread, and there were numerous applications for them. They contained towel, soap, toothbrush, shaving soap, tobacco or cigarettes, gum, chocolate and writing paper. To men, hardly recovered from the shock of hard fighting, or from the horror of that first ghoulis attack by gas, these little parcels of homely dainties

seemed tangible proof of a kinder, better world than the hell through which they had been struggling. Letters of gratitude returned in numbers to the Department, and one may be quoted as an example of the happy wonder with which the gifts seemed to have filled the hearts of those who received them.

“Dear Red Cross Ladies, I really cannot find words to adequately express my thanks for the handsome present of a comfort bag which contains about all that a man could desire. Having said this, I am properly stuck for the right thing to say, but if I could express all I feel this would be a poem of the highest order, and not a mere scrap of a note.”

Another letter is pathetic in its confession of the need of some comfort :—“Dear Ladys, just a line or two to let you know that I am not so well to-day. Dear Ladys would you please be so kind as to send me one of those Red Cross bags and contents to hang at the head of my bed. I saw one with my comrades and I thought they were very handsome indeed.”

In 1917 it was realised that, in the main, requests from men in hospital were consistently the same. They were concerned with a few simple necessities of toilet, writing paper and tobacco. Coming out from the trenches, wounded, a man left behind him there, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, his pack and all his simple possessions, so his desires, on reaching hospital, were for a razor, a brush and comb, soap, a toothbrush, tooth-paste and some cigarettes or tobacco. The Department arranged with hospital commandants, matrons or Visitors to issue a weekly gift of tobacco (1 oz.) or 30 cigarettes, to each Canadian from his Red Cross, and it packed, by the thousand, for distribution to men as they reached hospitals in the United Kingdom, a stock ‘kit bag.’ This contained the articles of toilet already enumerated, with the addition of a washing cloth, a handkerchief, and a paper of information regarding how they should apply for pay while in hospital, and how and where they should enquire for their mails, if delayed.

Some of the kit bags were packed in Canada at various Red Cross centres, others in London, and all were despatched in bulk to Matrons of hospitals, or to Hospital Visitors for distribution. All items of the ‘kit’ were enclosed in a strong



bag of coloured cotton material, marked with a large red cross, and fitted with draw tapes so that it could be hung when unpacked at the head of somebody's bed—to comfort him !

But life in hospital, fortunately, was not all pain and misery, sometimes it struck the 'happy warrior' as quite the reverse. "I am having the time of my life. Four meals a day, and no sandbags to fill," wrote one Mark Tapley, while another cheerful humourist assured the Department that he "didn't want the earth," but he would like a maple leaf badge.

The kit bag was the sort of handshake that the Red Cross gave a man when he entered hospital, but its acquaintance with him did not cease there, and was often strengthened by the despatch of other parcels, something asked for either by the Visitor or by the man himself. The men were often big children when the packages arrived. "We all gather round when anybody gets a Red Cross parcel, and start guessing what is in it. Nobody has guessed right every time yet," wrote one.

Another man, unconsciously critical, thus commended the Department's efforts to brighten his life: "I thank you for wat you send. The smokes quite cheard me up . . . even the book cheard me up." A delicious 'even,' putting literature in a fresh light for some of us.\*

The influence of the Department did not end there, however, for its kindness, by his own confession in writing, turned one man into an ardent advocate for Female Suffrage. This was an apt answer to another man who had formed the opinion that women were of the 'weaker sect,' but had done their bit, God bless 'em. The men's letters were full of the quaintest and most friendly confidences, that went straight to the hearts of the workers in the Department, making them more than ever devoted to the cause and glad to be of service.

There was nothing the men appreciated so much as their weekly issue of tobacco. Supporters of the Red Cross in Canada would have had to see it to believe the joy with which a man, feeling hipped and homeless, would meet with some old friend like Players or a packet of "Old Chum." And when

\* The Department was greatly indebted to Mrs. Brooks Gaskell for an unfailing supply of books which went forward in the kit bags. Mrs. Brooks Gaskell had inaugurated the War Library in September, 1914, and as Trustee of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John Hospital Library she still carries on her wonderful work.

Londoners were matchless, living by the aid of paper spills or such matches as they could get from one another, the Canadian in hospital could always get his box of matches. "Where did you get that, Canada?" the ward would shout in astonished chorus. "Why, from our Red Cross."

These parcels and gifts did more to bring a sense of home to a sick man than anything except his mail, and even that, when it went missing was searched for by the Parcels Department. It advised him how to get pay while in hospital, where to send his wife to apply for a passage to Canada; it provided his prospective child with a layette for the voyage, in cases where the expectant mother had not been quite so wise as to do so, and it stood his friend, again and again, when he "fell by the wayside among thieves."

There were few pies in which the Department had not a finger. Its accounts were scrupulously kept and its funds were prudently but generously administered. In statistics it had evidence enough to open the eyes of most readers to their fullest extent, but as lists of figures are not always meat and drink to the average digester, it will be best to quote only a few.

In the first sixteen months of its existence the Department issued nearly 100,000 parcels. These included comfort bags and parcels sent by special request. In the year 1918 alone the number despatched was 112,586, of which 48,012 were kit bags for the use of Canadians in British Hospitals. Of cigarettes during 1918, 6,878,782 were distributed, and 4,450 lbs. of tobacco. One Christmas 22,000 stockings were sent to men in hospital, besides a special gift for each of 6,000 men of a pair of woollen gloves and a picture puzzle.

Lady Drummond had a 'Comfort Fund,' subscribed to by friends of her own, of the Red Cross, and of the men, from which she sanctioned particular donations of such things as self-propelling chairs or bath chairs for totally disabled men, special boots, a tricycle, raincoats for blinded men, travelling rugs from a contributor in Hamilton for men from Hamilton, etc., etc.

One day eight or nine blinded Canadians came down to the packing room of the Department and spent a happy hour or two there, feeling their way among the stores of mufflers,



sweaters, pipes, shirts, gum, candy—feeling, and happily choosing for themselves what pleased them. Their delight over playing at ‘shopping’ for themselves was pathetic to watch.

In the first year or two of the war, individual parcels were sent to hospitals in France, free of carrying charges, through the courtesy of Messrs. Cox & Co., the Army bankers. They called the privilege their contribution to the Canadian Red Cross. But in 1917 when casualties came fast and heavy it was decided to confine the issue of kit bags to hospitals in Great Britain, and to send to hospitals in France ‘comfort’ bags as a small token of friendship for Canadians from their Red Cross. The men that were kept in France were generally light cases, returning in time to their units, and never altogether bereft of their kits, but the men who came over in hospital ships brought with them practically nothing but their hospital issue of blanket and clothing.

In 1917 also the Department began to assist men passing through London on their way to the Special Hospital in Buxton, by meeting them on their arrival and driving them across London to St. Pancras, where they were given a good lunch; places were reserved for them on the train and tea was ordered to be served to them *en route*. The advantage of these arrangements to a disabled man, with vitality possibly lowered by a long illness, was inestimable.

There was always a large correspondence with men in hospital with regard to the forwarding of mails, and with the military authorities, recommending to the latter any cases that appeared to deserve special attention. Miss Prentice was of great assistance to Mrs. Fraser in dealing with this.

All bulk supplies dealt with by the Department came from Canada, and were distributed in detail to men in British Hospitals and to the Canadian Hospitals in bulk. Many a man in hospital owed his quicker recovery to the tonic or extra comforts that had been sent him by the Red Cross through the Parcels Department and not a few beguiled the tedium of long and painful days in hospital by doing fancy work, large indents for which

were filled by the Department, at enormous expense, but doctors and nurses were agreed that the benefit derived from the occupation was astonishing, so the money may be considered to have been well spent.

A lasting memorial of the skill which the men achieved with the needle is to be found in the altar frontal cloth, worked by wounded sailors and soldiers for St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was dedicated at a special service on 6th July, 1919. The cloth was designed by the craftswomen of the Kensington School of Art, is beautiful in idea and marvellous in execution. In the centre panel, worked entirely by sailors, there is a Golden Grail, studded with deep red carbuncles (the special gift of a lady) above crossed palms embroidered in gold. On each side of this is a panel of birds, flowers and foliage in lovely tints, the design bold but the colouring delicate and restrained. The panel on the right has been worked by British soldiers, the one on the left by Overseas men. Nine Canadians did their share, one being a blinded man of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, who used to be taken down, day after day, to the School to do his bit of embroidery. You could not tell that it had not been worked by one of his comrades. The design was embroidered by the men, then cut out and appliqued by experts in the School on to a background of rich white brocade, and the whole is edged with a golden fringe. It is a beautiful symbol of worship and thankfulness from the Navy and the Army to Almighty God ; and it is good to feel that each part of the wide Empire, including Canada, had a share in its creation.

The names of all the men who worked it are kept in a special volume in the Cathedral, and will be on record there for all time.

The staff of the Parcels' Department varied with the demands made upon it, in times of rush increasing to 40 or 50, in so-called slack times falling to ten or a dozen. In common with the other Departments there were sometimes very late night sittings, and the men who received their kit bags and Red Cross dainties so promptly had to thank the devotion and loyalty of the Parcels Department workers for their good fortune. Of those who joined its personnel in the first days, and were still with it at its close there were Mrs. David Fraser,



Miss Clara Hagarty who was chief packer, and Miss Newton who was chief buyer. Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, Mrs. G. L. MacGillivray and Mrs. S. Cunningham, to name just a few, were among other faithful and devoted workers for shorter periods.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT.

“ Please, Sir, I want some more.”

*Oliver Twist.*

One of the secrets of success in the work of the Information Bureau was the fact that it watched with all its eyes and listened with all its ears for what the men most wanted. In this way it soon learned that sick or wounded, in a Canadian or Imperial hospital, what a man craved for with all his heart was a glimpse of home news in home newspapers.

So, early in the Summer of 1915 the Bureau began to feel among its kind subscribers for donations of newspapers, and in June or July, Sir Joseph Pope, Secretary of State, issued through the Canadian press an appeal for them. The reply was instant, and the response generous beyond description—twenty to forty sacks of mail arriving per week.

At first no attempt was made to send papers to individual cases. The battalions named in a hospital return would be noted, and a bundle of newspapers from localities where such battalions had been raised would be despatched to the hospital for distribution. As each hospital acquired its regular Visitor, however, and as she grew to know the men and their individual needs, the Department would receive, through her, certain specified demands for newspapers which they were only too glad to send, whenever possible. And the result was evidently greatly appreciated by the men for “ You can have no idea ” wrote a Visitor once, “ how much pleasure the splendid assortment of papers sent here by your Department has given to my ward. Many of the men have thought there was no use in asking for their home-town papers, especially when coming from a small place, and I wish you could see some of their faces when they get the ones longed for but hardly expected.”

Newspapers had first been worked in conjunction with the Parcels Department but as space was limited, and the papers took up much room, Mrs. H. T. Bovey kindly lent part of her house for the handling of this work, which for some time she superintended herself with the help of Contessa Pignatorre (formerly Miss Molson of Montreal) and Mrs. Thomson. But in February, 1916, the work had so developed that "Newspapers" became a separate Department; the staff had to be increased and certain changes were made. The Contessa took over the charge from Mrs. Bovey, at her wish, Mrs. Bovey still lending valuable aid, and among other helpers were Miss Carruthers, Mrs. E. W. and Miss Waud, Miss Butters, Mrs. Huish, Miss Harrower and Mrs. E. T. Taylor. The work steadily grew and was of absorbing interest. Not only were the men anxious for their papers but officers were frequent applicants, and Miss Waud was in charge of the special branch dealing entirely with the correspondence and supply entailed by such requests. Any newspapers which remained after the hospitals were satisfied were sent to reading rooms at rest and recreation camps, or out to France and from a "Dugout" there, in 1916, there arrived this letter from an appreciative C.O. :—

"Dear Madam—On behalf of my brave Canadian laddies I wish to thank you very much for the bountiful supply of papers you have sent from time to time. I cannot thank you too much, and assure you your donations are fully appreciated by our good boys. . . . Canada may well be proud of her brave soldier boys, and equally proud of her dear, good ladies, who are so freely and bravely doing their part, and a truly wonderful part it is."

It was not always possible, and it was ever a matter of regret, that the Department could not send its thanks to every one who gave to it so liberally, but many donors did their kindness by stealth and the bundles that arrived for the Red Cross bore no name. The principal Canadian journals were most liberal in their assistance, sending hundreds of copies of their publications, while the weekly magazine, *Canada*, was donated by various business and banking firms, or by private individuals, to hospitals in the United Kingdom. Its weekly summary of Dominion news, and its casualty lists, so carefully compiled and up to date, were always eagerly studied by the men in hospital.



In 1918 Mrs. Gibb Carsley took over charge of the Department from Contessa Pignatorre, and early in that year she and her staff of helpers moved to a couple of rooms in Pall Mall. From twenty or thirty sacks the weekly mail from Canada had increased to eighty or more, and every endeavour was made to secure and supply to men in hospital not only the chief newspapers of the Dominion but even the local Thunderer of the smallest town in the back of beyond, if it was asked for. Kind people who helped the Department with welcome contributions, may enjoy and smile over the following letter from a Hospital Visitor :—

“ Thank you so much for the Canadian papers which came so promptly. The men were simply delighted with them. I had to laugh because my Canadian patients are usually a talkative lot, but for a whole morning I could hardly get a word out of them—they were simply buried behind their papers, and dead to the rest of the world.”

From which it may be argued that the Department forged many a ‘ link with home ’ for the Canadian soldier in camp and hospital.

Miss Margaret Waud, now Mrs. Arthur Haskell.

Miss Harrower, now Mrs. George Hodgson.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE DRIVES AND ENTERTAINMENTS DEPARTMENT.

“ A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.”

*Anon.*

From the time of the second battle of Ypres there were a large number of wounded Canadians in London hospitals. Lady Drummond felt that much might be done to help their convalescence if the Bureau had at its disposal a sufficient fleet of motor cars. She mentioned this wish to Mr. Holmes, famous Head Waiter at Brown’s Hotel where she was staying, and Holmes at once introduced her to Miss Shillington and Miss Perry who had recently come from abroad, where they had been running a motor kitchen behind the lines. The War Office having prohibited this as attended with too great danger,

they were now free for some other form of war service and they most readily responded to the suggestion that they should organize and superintend a Drives and Entertainment Department for the Bureau. Miss Shillington lent one or two cars of her own, which she and Miss Perry drove, and together they took admirable charge of this new Department which soon had at its command a large number of cars with voluntary women chauffeurs.

There must be a good number of men in Canada to-day, who can remember the delight and pleasure that was theirs when Sister would turn, from conversing with a neat V.A.D. in the blue uniform and peaked cap of a motor driver, to say : "Canada, where are you ? Red Cross car waiting to take you out for a drive ! " "H'm, this is jake," Canada would murmur, glancing sideways at his chauffeuse.

It is betraying no secret to say that the benefit of such an outing was twice as great if a lady came to take 'the poor things' out. Somehow she tucked the rug round them more gently (or did they only think so?), drove them where they most wanted, into country lanes or into the thick of the City's crowd ; she was never tired of serving as a crutch if some one limped to tea, or of waiting for hours, in any kind of weather, while her car-full did a matinee at a theatre, to drive her charges back again to hospital, where she would generally smile a good-bye as she left them, and hope they "would come again some day."

Picnics to Richmond, Epping Forest, to Marlow on the Thames, and Virginia Water : a man to the Derby for the Victory Meeting of 1919, to Epsom for the Gold Cup race : to theatres every day of the week, or to concerts : to seats in the Mall from which to view the various Victory marches of Overseas and Imperial troops through London : to the City for the yearly Lord Mayor's Show : with disabled officers to Buckingham Palace for investitures : to Westminster to see the King open Parliament—there was nothing and nowhere of importance to which the Department did not carry wounded Canadians during its term of service.

And from every quarter there came invitations, through the Department, for wounded men to go to Garden parties, homely pleasant tea parties, Christmas dinners, to spend



Christmas leave, leave from the Front, or hospital leave, tickets for concerts, variety shows, and theatres. For officers there were the same invitations, also to dances and social receptions. It was sometimes difficult to meet the flood of kindness with a sufficiently large cargo of 'lucky bargees,' so plentiful were the invitations from generous friends of the Society. Theatrical managers were particularly good in offering the best seats in the house for Canadian wounded, and their generosity in doing so was widely appreciated.

The Department enjoyed the voluntary services of several excellent drivers, among them being Mrs. J. D. Sherer who drove her own car for more than two years, Mr. Cawthra, who also lent a car, Miss Margaret Whitehead, Miss Guillemard, Miss Campbell who lent a car and chauffeur, Miss Perry, Mrs. Cobbe, Mrs. Somerset, Mr. Campbell, who drove his own car, Miss Waterlow, and Mrs. Bamforth. Miss Bradford lent a large car and Miss Brown gave hers to the Department. In the Hospitality Section of the Bureau, Miss Armored Thomas booked all engagements for the Department and distributed theatre tickets.

The work done was of inestimable benefit to officers and men. After weeks of pain and the distressing effects of hearing and listening to the troubles and trials of others in suffering, it was a joy to be able to escape, even for a few hours, from the hospital wards, to feel the rush of fresh air on one's face, to live for a while in a world of normal happenings, to see people who were dressed neither in hospital blue nor kahki—to hear the orchestra tuning up for the curtain raiser, and to enjoy all the ordinary sensations of great expectations when the curtain should rise on the play.

As for the workers of the Department, it is hard to estimate how much time and money they saved to the Red Cross by their gifts and services, how many thousand miles were travelled or how many thousand men benefitted by the generosity of those who lent their cars for service, or of those who looked after and even cleaned the cars they drove, being on duty from morning till evening, sometimes till late into the night. Any one who knows the inclemency of a March gale in England, or the turgid atmosphere of a November fog will realise a little under what conditions the drivers often worked, earning the goodwill of their comrades in the Bureau, and the happy thanks of the men whom they conducted to feast or festival.

Miss Shillington and Miss Perry were devoted co-workers. They never spared themselves and added the duties of Special Constables to their Red Cross work. They were liable to be called up at any hour of the night during air raids to go on duty at one or other of the London Railway Stations. They would come in with many interesting tales of their experience in this capacity. One night Miss Perry took from the hands of the wife of one of the British soldiers two small boys to be consigned to safety. Their mother said: "Please take care of them 'cos there 'is boys, but I must go back to our little 'ome for it's 'is 'ome and there's bad characters about in these hair raids." Miss Perry took the boys down to the underground, where they were out of danger. Both of them stuck their fists into their eyes and began to sob bitterly, whereon Miss Perry said: "Don't be frightened boys, be brave like your daddy." The elder boy took his fists down and said indignantly: "We're not cryin' 'cos we're feared, we're cryin' cos we can't see those bloody 'uns."

To our deep regret Miss Shillington died of pneumonia a year or two ago.

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Mrs. Cobbe, now Lady Cobbe.

Miss Whitehead, now Mrs. Ray Hebden.

Miss Armorel Thomas, now Mrs. John Gunn.

Miss Guillemard, now Mrs. Duncan Davis.

Miss Mildred Shillington—deceased.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PRISONERS OF WAR DEPARTMENT.

"I have supp'd full with horrors."

*Shakespeare.*

For reasons which will presently appear it is not proposed to sketch the history of this Department beyond December 1916. But from February, 1915 until December, 1916, the Department worked in close union with the Information Bureau and as part of the latter's organization, and its story during that period must be of interest to all who found, through the Bureau, sympathy, help and comfort in the distressful event of any dear



relation falling as a prisoner into the enemy's hands. Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley directed this Department, which was admirably conducted, and every Canadian prisoner of war had reason to be grateful to her and her devoted band of workers. She had for many years been Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Connaught, who did everything in her power for this Department and herself knitted many comforts for Canadian prisoners of war. Mrs. Bulkeley was ably seconded by Miss Jean Bovey, who like her sister had a constructive mind and gave herself to the work with an untiring and self-effacing devotion.

Among the earliest of the workers were Mrs. Fred Hingston, Miss Turton and Miss Stikeman.

The first lists of Canadian prisoners came in after the Second Battle of Ypres and it will always be a matter of sorrowful pride to Canada that no man in those first lists was unwounded. The Department received the lists from the British Red Cross. They were terribly inadequate and badly compiled by the German authorities, names were Germanised, regimental titles and numbers, in many cases, missing and to extricate Canadians from this entanglement and confusion was a task that seemed well nigh impossible. Miss Jean Bovey, Mrs. Hingston and, later on, Miss Turton—having some knowledge of German, were set the problem, and performed marvels, but only at the expense of hours of labour and much exercise of the powers of intuition and deduction.

Directly Canadians were reported as prisoners, in April and early May, 1915, parcels of food were despatched to all whose names had been identified on the lists. Clothing, bread, stationery and tobacco followed in the wake of food, and the gratitude of the poor men, thus promptly and efficiently remembered in their miserable circumstances, was incalculable. Above and beyond these attempts to ameliorate life for them the Department undertook to act as agents and bankers for all prisoners in their charge, keeping a faithful record of all disbursements on their account, and of payments made to them; never forgetting, either, to let relatives have prompt and reliable information regarding their welfare or movement from camp to camp or commando. In May, 1915, there were three hundred prisoners on the files of the Department, by the end of June

nearly 600, in different camps (principally Giessen and Munster), and hospitals. The Bureau, meanwhile, was endeavouring to get into communication with the relatives of all these men in order to avoid any overlapping of supplies. In addition to food the Red Cross was sending out in bulk, through the American Express Co., addressed to N.C.O.'s at the Camps, pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, soap, towels and handkerchiefs.

Towards the end of June the first letters of acknowledgment of parcels from the prisoners began to reach the office. They were full of a great gratitude, and gave woeful information of other prisoners from whom requests for food and clothing also arrived. In the meantime relatives and friends were able to remit money to the men through the Department which acted as bankers, forwarding such small sums as were authorized by the authorities.

Some of the prisoners, by this time, were entirely cared for by their own relatives, some had been adopted by kindly people, and the rest were cared for by the Red Cross. When a prisoner was known to be wounded and in hospital, and when no news had come through of his condition or progress, the Department wrote to the Commandant of the German Hospital or Camp, on the advice of the American Consul General.

In June, 1915, after the matter had been discussed by the Red Cross and military authorities, all Canadian prisoners of war were circularised and asked to state whether they would wish to assign to the Canadian Red Cross a certain proportion of their pay, weekly, for the purchase of such commodities in England as might be desired by themselves and permitted by the Germans. This suggestion was agreed to by the majority, and the Department was instituted as a purchasing agency for, in the main, all prisoners.

In July the Department began to send bread from England, in addition to its food parcels, having first experimented by keeping a sample loaf in the office for a fortnight, its condition at the end of that time seeming to justify the hope that bread might travel and reach the men in edible condition.

The work of packing and despatching had by now increased so greatly that Miss Stikeman, prominent in the work from the beginning, was put in special charge, and the orders for the



weekly parcels were carried out by the Civil Service Stores in London, where in the presence of a censor, and under Miss Stikeman's direction, every parcel was packed and officially franked for transmission to Germany. Three Customs forms had to be filled in for each parcel, and careful lists kept of the men to whom they were despatched, so a staff of three or four helpers was needed to assist Miss Stikeman.

In addition to the regular weekly parcels there were special parcels ordered by relatives or friends of the men. Mrs. Page-Croft took charge of these. All such supplies as were not food, *i.e.*, tobacco, shirts, socks or toilet requisites were packed at the Canadian Red Cross warehouses, and despatched by the Department. Mr. W. B. Stavert, now Sir William Stavert, was of immense service in this regard, sorting, packing and despatching thousands of parcels, carrying them down, in his shirt sleeves, to place them in the Red Cross lorries at the door. During the war 472,511 parcels of food and 57,745 parcels of clothing, besides tobacco and cigarettes were sent to the prisoners of war at a total cost of £258,639 11s. 5d.

A man would sometimes write to ask that cards reporting his welfare should be sent to a list of friends whose addresses he would give, and his commission would be gladly fulfilled.

The men's letters were full of a guarded courage. Reading between the lines one would recognise the pride that kept a brave front to the adversary, and would not betray itself even in a letter; but there were occasionally flashes that revealed the privation and suffering endured by the half-starved, home-sick boys, some simple statement that wrung the heart: "We were tickled to death with the first cup of tea and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the donor." Then:—"Do not worry about us now. With letters and parcels arriving time flies. Cheer up, and look forward to our meeting, which I trust will be in the near future." Poor brave lad! One wonders how long he waited for that meeting, or how much he was spared of the mental suffering that sapped the strength of so many prisoners in German prison camps. He was one of "five pals, the survivors of my former section."

Towards the end of August, 1915, 21 exchange prisoners arrived in London and were sent to the London Hospital at Wandsworth. Lady Drummond, accompanied by Miss Lowther who was in temporary charge in August, during Mrs. Bulkeley's absence, visited these prisoners. The first man they saw was much injured and unable to sit up in bed. Lady Drummond asked if the Red Cross could send him anything—fruit, for instance. "Fruit?" "Yes, thank you, that would be very kind, but could you send me an account of the battle we were in the end of April?" Another man said that those who were lucky enough to get supplies of food through the Canadian Red Cross Society simply left the prison fare or gave it to the Russians, many of whom died of starvation, being kept on half the allowance given to the British because of the large number of German prisoners Russia had taken. These gaunt starving men might be seen picking from the garbage left in pails after the others had eaten.

As time went on the number of prisoners increased, and expenditure for their needs increased, naturally, in proportion, but nothing seemed to check the generosity of the people in Canada for their unhappy brothers in captivity, and money, sufficient for all needs, literally poured in. Vancouver and the Women's Canadian Club at Ottawa were among the largest subscribers, and some thousands of pounds came through Mr. D. B. Macpherson, then Manager of the West End Branch, Bank of Montreal, Montreal. In this connection special mention must be made of Mrs. Sillitoe who was in charge of the Prisoners of War Department of the Vancouver Red Cross, and who was instrumental in collecting large sums of money in British Columbia for the work of that Department. With winter's approach, blankets and great-coats were sent out, arrived safely, and were gratefully acknowledged; and at Christmas gifts of plum puddings and games brought, it was hoped, some comfort to the lads in such sad state. During that winter, upwards of seven thousand parcels of clothing, boots, shoes, and blankets were despatched to prisoners.

Early in 1916 nearly all the 1000 prisoners on the Society's files were assigning ten shillings a month from their pay to the Society for the purchase of food, *i.e.* two parcels of 5s. value each. In addition to this the Society, on behalf of some



adopter, or on its own behalf, was supplying each man with two other monthly parcels of the value of 5s., so all the men were each receiving at least four parcels a month (some of them more from relatives and friends). In addition to these they received 4 lbs. of white bread, and by means of a fund raised by H.R.H. the late Duchess of Connaught, tobacco and cigarettes.

By June, 1916, the first lot of men to be interned in Switzerland arrived there, and felt themselves in Paradise, poor souls. One of them, released from the restrictions of the German prison rules and sensible of the efforts that had been made by the Red Cross to soften the rigours of his captivity, wrote in deepest gratitude, commissioned, as he himself said, by dozens of Canadian boys still in Germany. "I should like to see your good work shouted from the house-tops in Canada, where, thank God, few or none know the gnawing pangs of hunger, as our boys in Germany have done, and would do now, also, but for you."

On 1st December, 1916, following a new regulation issued by the War Office, the Prisoners of War Department became the "Care Committee for all Canadian Prisoners of War." Individual efforts were disallowed and every question relating to prisoners of war was decided by a Central Committee which was given, practically, supreme power, and worked directly under the War Office. The change caused much grief and distress in Canada, where it was not clearly understood, at first, that the new arrangements had been made in the best interests of the men. Unfortunately, also, increased submarine menace and a temporary suspension of traffic on German railways threw all transport into delay and confusion about this time, and the poor prisoners were in trouble, for their food did not reach them. Anxious relatives grew distracted and showered blame by every mail on the harassed workers in the Department, who, themselves distressed by the turn of events, in no way deserved the fate that had been thrust upon them. In time, however, difficulties were overcome, the new system proved itself adequate, and those who had been quickest in censure of the Red Cross ladies were among the swiftest to offer honourable amends.

So the trouble passed but certain constitutional changes were made and the Department was dissociated from the Information Bureau. It carried on its splendid work with the

same staff till the Armistice had been signed, watching jealously, from first to last, the interests of the men for whom it stood surety to Canada. The spirit of those men we all know. It was ever dauntless and unshaken, through unspeakable trials and lying reports :—

“ Come, for we know that the English all are slain  
We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk ;  
.....was heard  
A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word.”

After the Armistice as they came back in hundreds, glad, rejoiced, hardly believing it was all true, that they were on their way home, the Red Cross turned the building that had been the Prisoners of War Office into a huge hostel for them ; and the prayer in everyone’s heart was that they might soon forget the terrible days when they had fought for Victory through adversity.

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Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley—deceased.  
Mrs. Page-Croft, now Lady Page-Croft.  
Mr. W. B. Stavert, now Sir William Stavert.  
Miss Lowther, now Lady Rodney.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CANADIAN SAILORS.

“ Green earth has her sons and her daughters,  
And these have their guerdons ; but we  
Are the wind’s and the sun’s and the water’s,  
Elect of the sea.”

*Swinburne.*

It was not forgotten by the Bureau that there were Canadians who were sailors as well as soldiers, men who belonged to the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, the Merchant Service, and the humbler but none less glorious craft that patrolled and swept the seas, trawlers and mine sweepers. Such men, when reported as sick or wounded, were visited in their hospitals by authorised Canadian Red Cross Visitors, were



sent comforts, and had their cases recorded and reported to relatives in exactly the same manner as the men in khaki, with this distinction that the head of the Visiting Section, Miss Mary Rickards, made this branch of the work entirely her own. She filed the records, and wrote to the next of kin, and was admirable in her care of all details. Looking through the records—which were literally a handful by comparison with the thousands of index cards in the military files—some curious careers unfolded themselves.

There was a boy, born in Tennessee, who on the outbreak of war shipped across the frontier and joined the Canadian Army. Discovered by his father, and discharged at the latter's request as under age, this inveterate adventurer bolted again and without his parents' knowledge joined the R.N.C.V.R. at the age of 18 or 19.

Another boy, in hospital with a fractured collar bone, had joined the Canadian Army when he was 16 by giving, of course, a false statement of age. The truth leaked out and he was given his liberty with the result that he immediately joined the Royal Navy. His father and three brothers were killed in France his mother died tragically from shock, and only two younger brothers, 11 and 12 years old, in London (Ontario) remained of his family.

Another youth of sixteen had managed to 'make' Europe as a member of the American Legion. His real age was then discovered, and the Legion refused to keep him in their ranks, so he enlisted in the Royal Marines.

A man of the Merchant Service, admitted to hospital suffering from pneumonia, had spent days in an open boat with the three other survivors of his torpedoed vessel. A Petty Officer had been sent home from West Africa, with a damaged foot, the injury having been incurred during the sinking of his ship while engaged on salvage operations. Another P.O. had been blown up in a trawler off the Coast of Ireland, that haunt

of mine-laying submarines. The Engineer of a patrol boat, after suffering the shock of two consecutive explosions at sea, was in hospital with nervous break-down. A poor mine-sweeper in the same sad state, was in such depression that he had to be coaxed and bribed by kindness and comforts before he would give his home address. After a month's sympathetic attention from one of the Bureau's Visitors—a most excellent one—V. is recorded as “certainly better, and appreciates very much what has been done for him.”

Occasionally—fortunately only very occasionally—the—entry was short and tragic. “Admitted suffering from multiple wounds. Died without recovering consciousness.” Another victim of treacherous under-water attack.

Sometimes there was a gleam of humour in the writing on the cards, observations of a Visitor who could see the funny side of her difficulties. A Maltese butcher in Toronto had joined the Navy; perhaps the call of the waves that lapped the rocky shores of his native isle had drowned the demands of carnivorous commerce. Anyhow the butcher sailed, and in time was sent to hospital with rheumatism. There the Visitor struggled to understand his Maltese-Canuck-English utterances, and the nurses wrestled with a refractory patient, and after many patient and controlled despatches the Visitor at last spoke her mind. “Rheumatism is rather troublesome,” she reported, “and so is the man!”

Sailors away from their ship and their comrades are lonely men at the best of times, and Canadian sailors ashore in England, more so than most; so the Bureau was fortunate in being able to find good Visitors in the ports of Plymouth and Greenwich, and for the Convalescent Naval Hospital at Truro. These kind ladies looked well after their charges, sent in steady and ample reports of the condition of the men, took them out to tea or for drives when convalescent, and in every way contributed to their recovery.



## CHAPTER IX.

### CANADIANS IN BRITISH HOSPITALS.

“ Turn away from us the cross-blown blasts of error,  
That drown each other ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Shew the soul of man, as summer shows the swallow,  
The way at last.”

*Swinburne.*

As the long line of British troops and those from the Dependencies, Dominions and Colonies, became engaged in a simultaneous offensive, so an unceasing stream of wounded poured across the Channel into hospitals in the United Kingdom. The natural result of this was that purely Canadian hospitals had their quota of Imperial and Colonial patients, while British or American hospitals received a share of Canadian wounded.

This interchange of nationalities often had the happiest results. British doctors and nurses evinced a most lively concern in the progress of their Colonial patients ; and the men, themselves, found their interest pleasantly aroused and their knowledge considerably widened by a study of the differing types that shared a hospital ward. The Canadian, in particular, extended his geographical acquaintance eastwards to Australia in the next bed, or was ‘ put wise ’ to English habits and conservative customs by the Cockney across the way. South Africa had not concerned him greatly before he felt a fellow-feeling for the big trooper who had had, after all, like himself, perhaps, to lose his leg ; and the British Non. Com., who was Sister’s main stand-by in the ward, could tell fascinating stories of his time in India. There were many letters in the Bureau’s mail bag that spoke of the satisfaction of a mixed company of sufferers, of the skill and kindness of British doctors and nurses, of the wealth of care and attention from that wonderful sister of service—the V.A.D. But the men can best speak for themselves :—

“ Think it does us good when they mix us all up together, as we are all comrades fighting for the one end.”

“ I am pleased to say I am being treated in the best manner possible both by Doctors and Sisters, so I have no cause to grumble. If anyone should ask you can tell them the Imperial hospitals are O.K.”

And from the Visitor at a V.A.D. hospital in the north of England there arrived one day an interesting commentary on what she characterized as this excellent system of scattering Canadians among different British hospitals. She said the men had made a reputation for themselves and Canada, had aroused the interest of the country folk, among whom they convalesced, in Canada, and by their friendly ways and pleasant manners had reaped a generous hospitality for themselves. It may be said of the many English women who assisted as Visitors that they did more than just their duty as workers for the Canadian Red Cross Society—they took the boys they had to care for in hospital to their hearts and treated them like their own sons.

One more letter, and perhaps the most interesting of all. It came from an apostle of 'direct action' ; for he confessed in the course of it that having heard he might be sent to a purely Canadian hospital, and desiring above all things to go to a British one, he had removed his badges, while journeying on the Hospital train, had inserted himself among a British group of wounded, and "so reached this Hospital where I am happy and comfortable. Our treatment here is all one would desire. . . . I have spoken to quite a few of my comrades . . . and the general feeling is that we all desire to mix with our comrades from other parts of the Empire, and to enlarge our circle of acquaintances, and exchange our ideas regarding our different countries. . . . Take a case where you have Canada, Australia, South Africa, Imperials all in a ward. What one does not know of his comrade's country is soon learned, and how very interesting are the chats we enjoy each with the other ! I speak with some knowledge, as I am at present among South Africans, and I certainly know more about that part of the world now than I did before."

There was one weakness in Canadians that never ceased to interest and amuse their British comrades in a ward—their addiction to the art of chewing gum ! Walking between the long lines of beds, on her round, a Canadian Red Cross Visitor would be frequently chaffed by some chubby-faced British lad, who would pretend he was Canadian and beg for a "stick of gum" ; while Sister, with her blue English eyes and kindly smile, would follow her, and with uplifted finger mockingly threaten the man to whom she distributed smokes and comforts



from her hospital basket. "Now Canada," the warning voice would declare, "no more of that horrid chewing gum stuck all over the place when I come to do your dressings. I couldn't think what it was when I picked it off your locker yesterday." And the ward would shout with joy at the remembrance of the contretemps, and "Canada" would swear by all his gods that Sister shouldn't as much as see his jaws working if she looked his way once in the next—five minutes!!

Report says that an English-born Visitor, having distributed packets of spearmint for months on end, once sat herself solemnly down to discover the charm of chewing gum. After half an hour's hard and conscientious endeavour in dental exercise she decided that she was no wiser but a great deal more exhausted than she had been half an hour earlier.

The fact remains, however, that in many a little general retailer's in country villages in England now-a-days there may be found, among the stock in trade, a legacy from Canada to his cousin, young John Bull—a packet of chewing gum.

## CHAPTER X.

A FEW LETTERS SELECTED FROM MANY THOUSANDS.

### *Children and the Lonely Soldier.*

"Never see'd nothing that could or can  
Jest git all the good from the heart of a man  
Like the hands of a little child."

Every soldier is a hero to a child; but a lonely soldier in the Great War was a romantic trust that readily anchored the hearts of the innocents, and to the Bureau there came from children in Canada and elsewhere the quaintest epistles, to be forwarded to some lonely soldier whom Lady Drummond would be "sure to know." The writers were positive about this. The childish phraseology and little rushes of confidence in these round-hand essays must have been refreshing to the

men who received them. Many were so attractive that Lady Drummond had copies made of them before they were forwarded

“To the Lonely Soldier” (writes a small boy of nine, from British Columbia). “Dear Sir, I hope you are not very sad. I am going to send you a letter. I think you must be very lonesome. I am going to war when I get big. . . . Will you write a letter to me? I hope you will soon be better. From your friend, J—— E——.”

A small girl, still younger, made the Bureau her Commission agent, with explicit instructions as to the objective of her desire, but *carte blanche* as to the system of charity:—

“Dear Madam. We are sending you in this letter a M.O. for \$4, and we want you to buy at the stores something nice for your wounded Canadian soldiers. We think two soldiers, but please choose lonely ones, and if you can from B.C. . . . A lady in Montreal told us that you knew the names of truly lonely soldiers. We don’t know what wounded soldiers would like, but you will, so please help us to do our bit. With love from all at our school, Your little friend, I. L.”

An English child in Liverpool was another correspondent. In conservative British style, he committed himself only to ‘a few lines.’ “Dear Friend, I write you these few lines just telling you that I am very sorry to hear that you have been wounded and now are in hospital. Since you came to fight for us in England we have been safe.”

Nothing niggardly about that admission, and indeed Canadians with their gallant, generous ways were always favourites with English children, whose sturdy independence and leaning towards hero-worship found every satisfaction in the jaunty swagger of Canada from Overseas.

“You would have been safe in your own country only you were too brave so you came to help us when you knew we were in great trouble with the Germans.”

What man’s heart could not warm to the little maid who wrote that?



### *Letters from Relatives.*

Thousands of such letters had to be destroyed, but the following may be taken as samples : " I appreciated more than words can convey the first news I received relating to my husband's poisoning from shrapnel, for, as other authentic news reached me and I knew I was receiving an unbiased report from you, that was the greatest comfort and assurance with all that distance between us." It was a fact that the first letter from the Bureau often outstripped official intelligence in days of heavy fighting and numerous casualties among rank and file.

### *Letter from a Father in Manitoba.*

"Perhaps these individual letters of heartfelt thanks from the parents of our happy-go-lucky prairie boys will in a small way encourage and stimulate your efforts. Of the party (seven) of High School boys that left this little prairie village last Easter Sunday on the Big Adventure, three have been killed and the others are in hospital. Surely there could be no better proof of our feeling for and desire to be with Mother England in her stress. Most gratefully yours, ——."

## LETTERS FROM RETURNED MEN.

### *Bread Cast on the Waters.*

When the men for whom the Bureau cared had returned to Canada they did not forget what had been done for them in the ' right little, tight little, island ! '

Some wrote months, even years, after being invalided out of the Service, to tell the Bureau that after so much time had elapsed they felt their indebtedness had increased rather than diminished, and that they were never likely to forget what had been done for them. Englishwomen, who had done duty as Visitors, received, and still continue to receive, frequent letters from the men for whom they worked with such unselfish and untiring zeal, letters that in shy undemonstrative language try to carry back from the land of maples to the land of mists some idea of the friendships that have been forged, and will endure for the mutual benefit of the Old Country and her loyal Dominion of Canada.

In the case of many men the special handicraft which they had learned during convalescence in the United Kingdom, through the channels of the Red Cross, had come to mean their livelihood. In other cases the Society directly benefitted by the trouble it had taken to teach a man an occupation.

The following letter, written by a soldier on the eve of his return to Canada, illustrates a gratitude that did not desire to leave with a mere pronouncement of thanks :—

“In addition to the very helpful supplies I have received I am pleased to say I have been taught the very helpful trade of basket-making. . . . As I am being returned to Canada unfit for further military service it is my intention to do all I can for the Red Cross Society. I shall be prepared to use the trade I have acquired to augment the funds of that Society if I can find a means.”

*A Letter to the King.*

Some letters, by their faith and simplicity, drew the busy minds that found them out of the hustling vortex of fretting labours into a wide horizonless calm, where love and loyalty were naked truths clothed in no conventions.

This human document, which is quoted here in its entirety, came to the Bureau from a Canadian home. Lady Drummond forwarded it to Buckingham Palace, and received an acknowledgment from His Majesty's private secretary, which she forwarded to the writer.

“Dear King,

“Writing to ask you to do me a great favour. My youngest boy is over in England and was turned down on the account of being too young, and they keep him forestry. I need him home very much as all my other boys has gone and I have no one to help me at home and since they have go my Helth has failed and feel as if I have done my share bravely, glad my boys ansered the coll like men ther is mothers today right ware I am living have three or four sons not give one boy. I am glad I have. My boy H—— after the other brothers went to war was bound to follow them he went and inlisted and I knew nothing about it for three weeks he was only fifteen with



short bloomers on he was a stout sturdy boy and full of life and brave as he could be. He writes me if he had to take of the uniform before the war was over, he would be ashamed. I don't want him home because I am a coward and afraid he will be killed it is not that, I am a Proud Mother and if all my boys are killed fighting for King and Country I will be proud just the same so I will humble myself to do anything to help this great war on I will try and bare sorrow bravely boys that wanted to fight for their King and Country I pray God will keep them in this great struggle. If you want to know about me just write to Ottawa Speaker's Chamber they know all about my boys and myself. I will send my dear boys pictures and I will not have to tell you very much you can judge for yourself what to do I will send you my young boys address he changes places so often I can not keep the same adress very long. Trusting this will reach you, I am sending it to the Red Cross for I don't know your address.

“ Sincerely yours,

“ Mrs. ——. ”

Such a stout-hearted mother deserved good sons ; and it would be good to know if they did her honour, and if they were all spared, as one trusts, to return to her who was no coward.

*Letter from an English Mother who had just Lost her Son.*

“ To the Canadian Red Cross and to the Lady who wrote to me such a nice kind letter in particular, who signed herself Julie Drummond or something which I really could not understand.

“ I am sending 5s. to get something for the Gentle wounded. I have alas ! no parcels now to send my darling missing boy. So all that I can ever spare I will send to the Canadians because *he* was so fond of Canada and all the Canadians. Of course, my other son is in the English R.F.A. & of course I send to him as much as ever I can too.

“ I thank the Lady who wrote me with her own hand such a very nice letter. I *know* how she feels about her dear son.\* And only Mothers know. And sometimes sons are more precious even than their fathers & then we have to give them

\* Capt. Guy Drummond was killed at St. Julien, 22nd April, 1915.

up. Its no fault of their fathers or mothers, there is a certain something which only is understood between two minds & hearts I think, which causes such a love. Perhaps we love them too much & perhaps if they had not been taken now in their youth and loveliness of spirit and character the time would come when something or somebody would come between us & spoil our perfect union. That is how I try to look at my great troubles. When I was a child about 7, I had the fever most terribly bad. My mother did not undress for a fortnight nursing me. I lived through it & did not die as everyone thought I should. My mother told me one day that she prayed to God very hard that I should live. She simply could not give me up. I have often thought of her words since, & often, lately, since I have had such terrible trouble with my two & only children, have wished that she had let me go then.

“Dear Lady, I hope you will excuse me telling you all this. I do so because I know how hard it is to lose the darling boys, they are so very dear to us. Not one hour have I ever had of anxiety for fear my darling Joe would not do his duty. I’ve one of the slips I had from the Red Cross, it said “he was a good soldier and never feared anything.” He was a most delicate child, I never knew what it was to have a good nights rest with him for years & often & often he had to stay home from school & lie in bed. He was quite a martyr to exema & the drs said they could not cure him but that he would outgrow it. So you see dear lady I had him with me very much untill he went to Canada when he was 19 all by himself, to his Aunt, my sister. He & another boy Edward Cook who went down in ‘The Black Prince’ alas! started & built up the Boy Scouts Patrol in Brackley. My other son too joined & in time was assistant Scout master, Another boy the name of Carpenter also helped to start it but his mother & father thought him too delicate so he had to leave it. He alas! is fallen in France just lately. *All* the boys who were in the ‘Owl’ Patrol First Brackley are in the army now in France or somewhere else fighting for us at home.

“Our Vicar was against the Boy Scouts very much when they first started. They had no one to buy *their* uniforms like so many villages do. I knitted my boys stockings & made their pants & I can see now how pleased my Joe was because



I managed to knit the green wool in the top 'like the bought ones.' Ah! me, if only those happy days of scouting were with us now! They were the very happiest of our life! After my Joe had worked hard in the shop all Saturday till after 10 o'clock at night he would come home & have some cocoa & wash & change into his scout things & go merrily off on a pitch dark night to walk 3 miles to the tent when they were sleeping out, instead of going upstairs to his cosy bed at home. He said he had the key of the tent! Yes, I know & he deserved the Key of Heaven.

"Dear Lady, will you kindly accept this parcel I am sending. I sent it to the Informant Lc. Cpl. Brambell & a letter inside I should be glad if you will read at your leisure & then please burn it. I really cannot open the parcel again to take the letter out & I should like you to read it very much.

"I'm afraid the poor boy is dead as I had it returned & I see he too was in Hospital. Ah, me. 'So many dead, so many dead.'

"I must ask you to excuse me writing so much about myself. But when I say it does me good, you will, I am sure, look over it, because you know how hard it is to lose the darling boys and what to do with all their things I don't know.

"There is a large trunk upstairs he sent from Canada & all his things & little keepsakes & his lovely top coat he bought for Canada's winter & cap, & his kit bag hangs on the stairs & I feel *he* will never come back, my darling darling Joe.

"Yours very Respectful Servant."

*From an English Visitor to the Women of Canada.*

"Some of you women in Canada will never look on the faces of your dearest again. Perhaps they slipped through the Door to the Great Beyond from some ward in a hospital in England and you are wondering who was with them at the last, and who helped them. I can tell you something about that, for I have been in a ward when the wings of the Angel could be heard, and Peace was coming to a suffering soul. The sick man was too near the Door to be in the least conscious of anyone near him, or to know that on one side of the bed stood the

Sister, looking down compassionately, resigning with a deep regret what she had not been able to save. On the other the Canadian Chaplain who had been in every day to do what he could, to pray, to read, or to take a message for home. These two stood by the bed, but the only real person with the man at the Door was his Mother. The name was on his lips again and again, 'Mother!' So even to the last you are with your men, you women of Canada."

*Extracts from Letter written by Sergeant P. I. Palmer, 192nd Batt., 4th Div.*

"The other battalions of our brigade made an attack on the German trenches and things not working as we had hoped, our battalion lost very heavily. Saturday I went out to the funeral of some of them, and although I have attended several times since I have been over here, I do hope I need never be witness to another of such magnitude. . . .

"The cemetery being about half an hour's walk from where we were stationed I took a walk over. The weather was fine and the funeral a full military one, a thing that is accorded to but very few over here as conditions will but rarely allow of it. Upon nearing the cemetery the first thing that caught the eye was the long line of silent figures, each wrapped up in a blanket. We went into the Morgue and one of the first bodies we located was that of poor Trav. Lucas\*(Major), a boy from our town. . . .

"The boys and officers of the battalions are very loud in their praises of the treatment accorded to them by the Germans during the armistice, and say they acted like perfect gentlemen throughout, and the German officers were very loud in their praise of Major Lucas. They asked all kinds of questions about him if he were married, etc., and said it was a shame to have such a man killed. Apparently he was shot and knocked down three times and every time got up and continued on over again until he fell dead over the wires of the German trenches. Every time there was a lull in the conversation the German officers would refer to Major Lucas and say what a fine man he was.

\* Major Lucas was a cousin of Lady Ellissen's.



“As you know when an armistice of this sort is agreed upon some officer or officers of both sides go out and chat. The German officer had been educated in London and spoke English fluently. When the time agreed upon was up, although the work was not completed, the German officer said ‘Well Tommy back to your trenches,’ and when every one was clear they certainly did put over some shells. Next day, under the white flag the same officer came out and met one of our officers and he said that as far as his frontage was concerned, he was willing to have the balance of the dead collected, but he could not guarantee the frontage to his right as the officers commanding there did not take the same view as he did, but to protect them he was willing to have his officers line up with him as a screen for our men and they would have to shoot them down first if they fired. But our men would not accept the proposition so they both retired and hostilities resumed. The German Officer said that he thought that for the peace of mind of relations at home they should be allowed to identify the dead.”

## CHAPTER XI.

1916, 1917 AND 1918.

Throughout 1916 and 1917 work advanced along the lines as already sketched, growing heavier after any offensive or attack, diminishing to steady routine during periods of trench warfare. The principal event in the Bureau's life of 1916 was the severance from it, in December, under new War Office regulations, of the Prisoners of War Department, which then became subject to the control of the Central Prisoners of War Committee.

In April, 1917, Canadians fought at Vimy Ridge, with glorious success, for Lens in August, and in the muddy swamps of Passchendaele in October. Casualties were naturally heavy, and the Bureau in consequence worked at high pressure. Sometimes 37 people were required *per diem* to work the recording files alone. After the battle of Vimy Ridge, between April and July, 30,829 letters were written to relatives, giving news of their wounded, the record for one day being 1,076.

Towards the end of this year the Newspaper Department moved into a basement in Pall Mall, a species of dug-out, from which it distributed its literary gifts with increasing liberality, and where it had more room to deal with its sackfuls of journalism.

### *Khaki University Students in Hospital.*

When the Khaki University started, in 1917, its sensible scheme for instructing disabled and wounded men who were still hospital patients, the Information Bureau used every means in its power to capture and encourage the interest of the men concerned. There are many ways of beguiling men, but the simplest, after all, is always the most successful, and the Parcels Department adopted the old plan of hiding the powder in a spoonful of jam.

Leaflets, descriptive of the University's curriculum, and a typewritten letter from the Director, were enclosed in parcels of comforts to wounded men, with the result that many took up courses by correspondence, or when convalescent were given practical instruction at the University's headquarters office in London.

A hospital Visitor's letter describes, in the case of one of her men, the speedy result of parcel propaganda :—

“ Thank you for the straight razor sent to Private —— wrapped in a letter from the Khaki University. He wrote their Headquarters at once, and when I next saw him he was surrounded by their books, and contented to be studying electricity, which was his trade before the war ; he hopes to improve himself greatly.”

### *Co-operation with the American Red Cross.*

The American Red Cross, before the United States entered the war as our Allies in April, 1917, had used Canadian Red Cross Visitors (after courteous reference to the Information Bureau) in order to trace and to be put in touch with Americans who had joined the ranks of the Canadian Forces. One does not require to be reminded that there were many of these brave men who, impatient of diplomatic delay, and imbued with the idea that what needed to be done should be done quickly, slipped



over the border line of the States and early enlisted in the Canadian Army. They were cared for, when wounded, by the Information Bureau as units of the Canadian Forces, but naturally were pleased to be put in touch with their own countrywomen, and to be visited by them. Relations with the American Red Cross were always most pleasant and cordial; and the same was the case with other Overseas Sister Organisations, the Australian Red Cross and the Newfoundland War Committee.

#### EASTER 1918.

The Canadian Red Cross kept its quarters in 14, Cockspur Street until Easter 1918, when, at a crucial point in the war, the Ministry of Munitions, requiring more room, decided to commandeer the premises. Bag and baggage, therefore, the Society and the Information Bureau, moved to Berners Street, near Oxford Circus, where the York Hotel was vacated and placed at their disposal. The move resulted in much extra comfort for the workers in the Bureau, for heads of sections and departments were each assigned a room, there was plenty of space for stores, stationery and other impedimenta, and work generally was facilitated by concrete boundaries of wood and stone which had been largely mythical in those early days of 1915. *Then*, it was quite possible to reach the head of another section by turning in one's chair, and tapping her on the shoulder; and an enquiry might easily pass across a table from Section B. to Section F.; while verbal enquiries had to be dealt with in full hearing of those who were immersed in correspondence. It did not make matters easier to work under such conditions although those who were still with the Bureau at its close always looked back on the days in which they sat 'so familiar-like' over their tragic files with an affection quite unimpaired by the greater ease of a later year.

After all the various departments of the Red Cross and the Information Bureau had been housed in the York Hotel, there still remained available in the basement certain rooms that were utilised as a restaurant for all the workers in the building. This was a considerable convenience, and a great saving in expense, for Mrs. Watts, who started the canteen, served appetising meals at charges that were only intended to meet running expenses. At small tables, prettily laid and decorated with

flowers, one could have a nourishing meal at midday for a very moderate sum. At 4 p.m. tea was served, and if there was a great pressure of work, and some of the staff were likely to remain late, the canteen manager would arrange a light meal about 7 p.m. for those who required it.

Mrs. Watts had originally worked in the Officers' Records section of the Enquiry Department, left to be matron of the Connaught branch of the Maple Leaf Club; returned to the Red Cross in Berners Street, and left again after the Armistice to help in re-establishment of refugees in France. Her place as manager of the canteen was admirably filled by Mrs. A. V. Russell until the Bureau closed work.

A word may be said here of the Canadian Red Cross Rest Home for Nurses opened early in 1918 at Boulogne, not that it was connected with the Bureau but several of our girls were drafted to it. This Home, which was organised at the suggestion and through the energy of the late Col. Blaylock, had been a long felt want and was a very great boon to members of the nursing services both British and American. There they had every comfort and attention at a merely nominal charge. The late Mrs. Gordon Brown, of Ottawa, was Matron and was assisted by Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Miss Louise Fraser and a number of others.

Some of our girls joined the Ambulance Service in France, others served in hospitals. One of them, Miss Phyllis Taylor, equipped with a miniature portable piano, went out to sing for soldiers in hospitals. Miss Marguerite Strathy and Miss Helen Mathewson helped to organise recreation huts for our men in France.

An event of 1918 was Lady Drummond's appointment as Assistant Commissioner.

Just as the transfer was effected from Cockspur Street to Berners Street, Col. Blaylock arrived from France to take up the position of Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Overseas in succession to Col. Hodgetts. And to the great delight of her staff Lady Drummond was appointed Assistant Commissioner, an honour she appreciated as a recognition from Canada of the value of the work she had undertaken.



What says that prisoner of Elizabethan days, Sir Francis Drake : " There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continewing unto the end, until it be thoroughly ffynished, yeldes the trew glory."

Her fellow workers were glad to think they had helped her to " continew unto the end " with her " great matter," and so to reap some measure of appreciation from Canada, for which she had done so much.

#### AFTER THE BIG PUSH.

" They to their deeds !—to the things that their soul hated,  
And yet to splendours won,  
From smoking hell, by the spirit that moved in them."

*Lawrence Binyon.*

It may be imagined what a hive of industry the Bureau was in 1918 after three years of war work. In 1917 the average total number of Canadians per month in hospital in England was close on 20,000. Practically all these men were on the records in the Bureau, were being visited, reported on, written home about, and had comforts sent them and tobacco issued to them by the Parcels Department. Their slightest request was attended to, whether it was a box of maple sugar or a search for missing relatives. (One man actually did write and ask the Red Cross to trace his people of whom he had heard nothing for fifteen years !)

So, day by day, even in so-called slack times, work was constant and unremitting, for such periods were used to make ready for the awful days that must occur before the war was over—when after long waiting and secret preparation we should spring at the throat of the enemy.

The fateful hour struck for Canada in August, when her divisions reached the Hindenburg 'switch' line at Hancourt, and a few days later, on September 2nd broke through—the Big Push and the beginning of the end, but at what a cost ! Casualty lists poured in from the Canadian Record Office, every available worker and volunteer was summoned to deal with the flood of work that ensued, and many of the Bureau workers arrived in the morning at nine o'clock, snatched a meal at midday and tea at 4 p.m.—broke off for an hour about 7 p.m.,

and worked on till 11 o'clock, day after day. The lists were appalling, and it was an effort to keep the work well in hand, not to allow it to fall, by any detail, into arrears.

Enough cannot be said of the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty on the part of the girls and women—not all of them by any means Canadian—who worked through those terrible days of national glory and individual disaster, sometimes shortening a well-earned holiday in order to return and give a hand to their over-driven companions.

One thinks especially of the Canadian women who from first to last dedicated themselves heart and soul to the work of the Bureau. They lived under war conditions in a town and country that was unfamiliar to them ; came through every kind of weather, to tackle every kind of problem, and to ' carry on,' day by day, for four years, the same routine ; denied themselves many a chance of seeing something of the country in which they were working, refused offers of gaiety and amusement in order to stick to their post—in short, offered as faithful loyal service to their country as their brothers in the field. They worked sometimes in as great danger, for air-raids and their effect on the nervous system were no light infliction on temperaments already unnerved by anxiety and pitiful work, but the office tables in the Bureau were never deserted. For the sake of the men no one should fail, and none did.

On more than one woman, in that band of workers during those four years of work together, did tragedy descend, touching with chill fingers hearts already strained to breaking. But the worker went on, often with a more resolute spirit, since grief had deepened her sympathy with other saddened women, and self could best be forgotten in devotion to others.

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Mrs. Thornton Davidson, now Mrs. Robert Hickson.  
Miss Phyllis Taylor, now Mrs. Chas. Marriott.  
Miss Helen Mathewson, now Mrs. Everett Bristol.  
Mrs. Gordon Brown—deceased.



## CHAPTER XII.

### ARMISTICE DAY.

“I heard an Angel singing  
When the day was springing ;  
Mercy, pity, and peace,  
Are the world’s release.”

*Blake.*

The Bureau hummed with the excitement of a secret no one meant to keep. Early in the morning of November 11th, that considerate friend of all Canadians, the Princess Patricia, had whispered over the telephone that in an hour or two London would have the best and gladdest intelligence that had been flashed to her for four long years. There was a stern semblance of routine and work, but flags were secretly dragged from hiding places, shaken free of dust, and placed ready for—any likely contingency.

At 11 a.m. suddenly the maroons crashed their signals, and bugles rang “Cease fire !” War was at an end. In a flash the streets were filled with happy excited people, cheering, laughing, crying, with the emotion that thrilled the moment. As by a miracle, flags broke from every window, and streams of bunting decked shops and business houses, and what five minutes before had been a brooding, murmuring city was changed into a glad, mad riot of rejoicing. Work was abandoned, even in the York Hotel, and men and women rushed from its doors to join the hurrying throng that by a sudden strong impulse was heading straight for Buckingham Palace.

Nothing in history will ever show more clearly the bond of sympathy between the King and his people than this instinctive turning to him, this sudden rush of the crowd to his palace gate in the hour of Victory. It seemed as if they *must* go to rejoice with him, to lay the homage of their loyalty with renewed fervour at his feet, to thank God that he and they were “delivered from our enemies and from the hands of all that hate us.”

The work of the Bureau that day was intermittent, naturally. There was so much to be said, to be glad of, to look back upon, to remember. There was so much one had to leave unsaid, though thoughts were silent messengers of sympathy

from one heart to another. There were eyes that misted over, thinking of what might have been, of the men who had ‘poured out the red sweet wine of youth and given their immortality’ — who would return no more, and yet had bought our peace.

In the exaltation of the War a poet sang :

“Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain,  
Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;  
And nobleness walks in our ways again ;  
And we have come into our heritage.”

Shall the world forget that for this they died ?

Through the babel of rejoicing there was not one who did not hear the bugles sounding for our Glorious Dead.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CLOSING DAYS.

“ . . . the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands.”

*Tennyson.*

Armistice and talk of peace brought a blessed cessation of hostilities, but it could not effect sudden cures, and for months longer the hospitals were full of sick and wounded, who continued, as usual, to be visited and cared for. With the removal of the submarine menace, however, hospital ships made easier sailings, and men began to be shipped home in greater numbers to Canada, although such sailings were from time to time checked by regrettable outbreaks of industrial unrest in England.

Christmas was kept with a greater joy than in any previous year, and the men received wonderful ‘stockings’ that had come for them from various Red Cross centres in Canada.

Early in 1919 many hospitals were discovered to be empty or fast emptying of Canadians, so it was decided to cease reporting any longer to relatives, except in special cases, when it was left to the kindness and discretion of the Hospital Visitor, herself, to undertake this duty. Fortunately, it was not often necessary. The Enquiry Department, by degrees, found its



vocation gone, except in the matter of finding hospitality for officers, and with the exception of that Section (e) it closed down altogether in April, when Miss Erica Bovey bade farewell to her files and records, marvellous reminders of her indefatigable industry and singular powers of organisation.

Miss Caverhill and Miss Kingman 'carried on' in Section E until the end of August, and had a great deal to do all through the Summer, for there was a decided rush, on the part of officers, to see something of the Old Country before the transports should bear them off to their homes across the seas. Some, for sentimental reasons, travelled over familiar ground, returning to see and bid good-bye to the many kind friends they had made and stayed with on former leaves. Others, who had not had a chance before of doing a tour through Scotland and Ireland, eagerly seized the opportunity offered before they left. London was extraordinarily crowded, for obvious reasons; all the Empire was passing through it, and hotel accommodation fell far short of the demand. This fact threw still more work on the Hospitality Section, for numbers of officers, unable to find quarters for themselves, would turn, in their emergency, to the Red Cross, which was always ready and willing to help them. But even Miss Caverhill and Miss Kingman could have done little if the generous hostesses on their list had not still remained true friends to Canadians, keeping open house and home for them till the Section finally ended its work in August 1919.

The Newspaper Department sorted and despatched the last of its papers in the Spring of 1919, about the same time that the Enquiry Department ceased to exist.

With shrinkage in every Department the Red Cross found it unnecessary to retain, for its accommodation, so large a building as the York Hotel, so in February, 1919, a move was made, further up the same street, to offices formerly occupied by the Care Committee for Canadian Prisoners of War. Here the Information Bureau found itself in almost the same proportion of accommodation as it had enjoyed at its start, just three or four rooms, and here it settled itself down to wind up its affairs.

Besides the Hospitality Section of the Enquiry Department there still remained in full working order the Parcels Department, and the "Drives and Entertainments"; which fulfilled all engagements made for it through the Hospitality Section.

The Parcels Department, Mrs. David Fraser still at its head, to the last issued Comforts to men in hospital, and Red Cross shirts, underclothing and boots to other men who called at the office in Berners Street, to ask for the little extras that would help them more easily through a hospital furlough, or on the voyage home. In July the few workers that were left spent some hectic weeks packing and despatching close on 10,000 toilet kits to men evacuated from hospital in France to hospitals in England *en route* to Canada—after which any surplus in stores, or comforts were sent as gifts to British hospitals, which appreciated them enormously.

By July, of the original personnel of the Bureau, there only remained Lady Drummond and her invaluable private secretary, Mrs. John Harrison, also Mrs. David Fraser, Miss Mona Prentice, Miss Hagarty, Miss Caverhill and Miss Elise Kingman.

In August the Hospitality Section and the Drives and Entertainments Departments simultaneously terminated their useful and splendid careers.

In September: Mrs. David Fraser closed the Parcels Department.

For Lady Drummond “the continewing unto the end” was complete. The Bureau’s wonderful and faithful service for Canada was accomplished.

Her imagination had envisaged the scheme—her thought had informed it—her heart had poured out for the men, in whose interest she laboured, an untold wealth of love, loyalty and splendid effort. She gave unstintingly of her time, sympathy and enthusiasm in her management of the affairs of the Bureau, where she never posed only as a figurehead, for she toiled as hard as any of her helpers. There were few moments in any day of those four and a half years of unselfish service that she could count on as her own, or leisured; no one who wished to see her was ever denied an interview if it was possible to arrange it. From consultation with the Commissioner on some important matter she might pass to an interview with a private soldier worried by some personal or domestic difficulty. Following him there might arrive a harassed wife or mother, whose agitation would protract an interview long beyond reasonable limits, but this she would never know and would



leave comforted and encouraged. Callers would come in from Canada—knotty points of government would present themselves, to be unravelled. And so the day would run its course, with broken intervals of correspondence, perhaps a hasty expedition to some hospital to see a lonely Nursing Sister or some wounded boy, whose people had written to bespeak her interest—and often it did not end even at nightfall, for there were many times when the light burned late in her office.

But the daily problems of the Bureau were not all. In the course of those strange years of experiment and upheaval it was inevitable that questions should arise often of vital and Imperial significance which could only be fairly and satisfactorily solved through wide publicity and discussion. In the adjustment of some of these questions it fell to Lady Drummond to take a notable and leading part. One of these, now of historic interest, was opened by her in a letter to the *Times* of October 6th, 1916, and its course may be followed there in letters and editorials up to January 3rd, 1917.

Workers in the Bureau used to say that they knew Lady Drummond was “out to conquer” when she arrived at the Bureau in the morning with the “light of battle” in her eye.

But “quarrelling” is another matter and never was there a more united staff than hers. Petty jealousies were unknown and all were as energetic and enthusiastic as herself. Nothing succeeds in leadership so much as a strong personality, and Lady Drummond’s was such as to capture the love and admiration of the women who worked with her. She could not have failed, for her heart was in the work, and her high spirit never flagged.

It was the star of which

“ One twinkling ray  
Shot o’er some cloud  
May clear much way  
And guide a crowd. . . . ”

She held her powers, as director of an efficient organisation, entirely as a trust from Canada, feeling that the Bureau was but the channel through which the soul and generosity of the country flowed towards the sick, wounded and dying of its fighting forces. She deprecated “praise” for work that was so great a privilege—she felt that it eased the strain of the war as nothing

else could. And what wonderful support it had from the people of Canada! She always regretted that in the rush of work it was impossible to keep a register, even of visitors from Canada who came and went.

As for the friends invisible in Canada, she said she could begin but not finish! There were Col. Noel Marshall, at that time Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Red Cross; Mrs. Plumptre, Honorary Secretary of the National Red Cross and much more; Colonel and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, and the whole body of the Daughters of the Empire; the late Col. Leonard; the late W. R. Miller; the late Dr. Jas. Robertson; Mrs. Ernest Stuart; Mrs. Robert Grant, formerly of Montreal, now of Boston, and many, many more.

She counted among the best friends of the work Col. Marshall, who came over with Mr. K. J. Dunstan, to visit the centres of Red Cross activity in Britain and abroad. He always brought with him the stimulus of encouragement and good cheer. In the darkest hour his message would come ringing across the sea "Cheerio!" The Bureau was in constant touch with Head Office in Toronto and sent it, through Col. Marshall, a weekly report which for some time was drawn up by Mrs. Walter Molson of Montreal.

Reference may also be made to a London War Committee formed in 1917 which had for its Honorary President H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught, and afterwards H.R.H. Princess Patricia, and as members Mr. G. C. Cassels, Mr. C. Cambie, Mr. F. W. Ashe. This Committee served as a link between Canadian Headquarters and the Overseas Commissioner.

One day in the first year of the war a new friend called at the Bureau, none other than Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary. The Queen went through the Departments with a keen interest, and she asked Lady Drummond to have tea with her at Buckingham Palace that she might hear more. Shortly before, the Rev. Harold Hamilton\*, son of the late Archbishop of Ottawa, had asked Lady Drummond's permission to write a sketch of the Bureau in all its Departments. He was not strong enough to

\* Died in 1919.



serve as Chaplain at the front and thought that such a story might be of interest to Canada. The story just finished was quickly typed and taken by Lady Drummond to the Palace and left with the Queen, who afterwards wrote as follows, sending her letter by the Dowager Countess of Minto, Lady-in-Waiting.

“ Buckingham Palace.

“ I have read *all* the papers with much interest. What a splendid organisation.

“ Please thank Lady Drummond for sending them to me to see, and return them to her.

“ MARY R.”

The writer of this longer story feels, too, that it is worth telling.

In everything they did, whether individually or *en masse*, it was the hope of those who worked in the Bureau that it might carry comfort and help to all whose hearts were racked with fear and suspense ; that it might bring to the fighting Canadians, when sick or in captivity, a sense of home and friendship, of never failing support, of relief in pain, of tranquility in the midst of tumult, of consolation in distress.

Looking back, it is impossible not to feel that much of this ideal was attained. How often did the same men return, either to thank or to ask confidently for the help they felt sure of getting ? How often did one not hear the soft drawl more hesitating, the rough voice grow a trifle more husky, as a man would try to explain how grateful he felt for the sympathy that had brought comfort to his sore and troubled mind, how astonished he was at the gifts that were pulled off the shelves and piled into his arms. “ Say, our Red Cross is the best of all.” It was often that such a remark would be heard in the Bureau office, or in some hospital ward, and it was good to listen to the note of possession in the proud, contented voices. The remembrance brings

“ Heart-hidden memories,  
Dreams, and dumb thoughts that keep what things have been  
Silent, and pure of all words said ;  
Praise without song the living, without dirge the dead.”

Before the Bureau closed, lists had been made of its many workers, also of those who proffered hospitality to Canadian officers. The names on these lists are given as they stood then ; in many instances, known and unknown, they have changed, and one can hardly hope that there are no omissions. Blank pages are provided at the end on which additional names or changes of names may be entered in writing.

Did space allow, it would be a pleasure to give the names of a thousand and one Canadians who did voluntary service in Great Britain and in France during the War, but we must not go beyond those whose work was at the Bureau or in connection with it. We have a comprehensive report of Canadian Women's War Work in France by Miss E. Montizambert, and an interesting story of " The Maple Leaf's Red Cross " by Miss MacLeod Moore, now Mrs. Leonard Rees,—which treats of Canadian Red Cross activities both abroad and in England—the Shorncliffe Depot under Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Rest Home for Nurses in London under Mrs. Charles Hall, and much else.



## LIST OF WORKERS

Mrs. Adair.	Miss Marjorie Blackader.	Mrs. T. Charlsworth.
Miss Isabel Adami.	Mrs. Hume Blake.	Mrs. Charlton.
Miss B. Adam.	Mrs. Bode.	Mrs. Armand Chevalier.
Lady Allan.	Mrs. Bodger.	Mrs. A. J. P. Child.
Mrs. Hugh Allan.	Mrs. W. W. Bolton.	Mrs. Chitty.
Mrs. Robert Allan.	Mrs. Bonas.	Mrs. J. Chown, P. of W.
Miss Martha Allan	Miss M. Bond.	Miss H. Chown.
Mrs. Carlton Allen.	Mrs. Bond.	Miss J. Chown.
Miss Jane Allen.	Mrs. Borton.	Mrs. Clamp.
Miss M. Allen.	Mrs. Boulby.	Miss Clarke.
Mrs. S. Alexander.	Mrs. Bouthillier.	Mrs. Clark-Kennedy,
Mrs. Alley.	Miss Bouthillier.	P. of W.
Miss Alley.	Mrs. H. T. Bovey.	Mrs. E. A. Clavell, P. of W.
Miss Allison.	Miss Erica Bovey.	Mrs. Clay.
Mrs. Anderson.	Miss Jean Bovey, P. of W.	Mrs. Clayton.
Miss L. Arathoon, P. of W	Mrs. Bowen.	Mrs. Cleghorn.
Miss R. Arathoon.	Miss D. Bower.	Mrs. Clemson.
Mrs. Arbuthnot.	Mrs. Bowers.	Mrs. Ernest Clifford.
Mrs. Archer.	Mrs. Boyer.	Mrs. Clipperton, P. of W.
Mrs. Archibald.	The Misses Bradford.	Mrs. Clower.
Miss Kitty Armour.	Mrs. Braithwaite.	Mrs. Cobbe.
Mrs. Douglas Armour.	Mrs. Bremner.	Mrs. Cock.
Miss K. Armstrong.	Mrs. Brennan.	Mrs. Code.
Mrs. Flora M. Armstrong.	Mrs. Conyers Bridgewater.	Mrs. Alex Collie.
Miss Gertrude Arnold.	Mrs. Everett Bristol.	Mrs. W. G. Colquhoun,
Mrs. Atkinson.	Mrs. Beverley Brown.	P. of W.
Miss Avery.	Mrs. Gordon Brown.	Miss Dorothy Cook.
	Miss Brown.	Mrs. W. F. Cooke.
Mrs. Bailey.	Mrs. Ernest Browne.	Mrs. Coombs.
Mrs. E. J. Baker.	Lady Stopford Brunton.	Mrs. L. Coote.
Mrs. Archer Baker.	Miss F. Buckle.	Miss Ada Coote.
Miss Phyllis Baker.	Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley,	Miss Corbett.
Mrs. Esteven Balshaw.	P. of W.	Miss E. K. Cotton, P. of W.
Mrs. G. Balfour.	Miss Bull.	Miss J. A. Couper.
Mrs. Bamforth.	Mrs. Burritt.	Mrs. Cowper.
Mrs. Barham.	Miss Butters.	Miss M. H. Corbett.
Miss Barham.		Mrs. Craik.
Miss M. A. Barker.	Mrs. Callender.	Mrs. F. A. Crathern.
Lady Barran.	Mrs. C. Cambie.	Miss Louise Creelman.
Mrs. Barwick.	Mrs. Cameron.	Miss Crowe.
Mrs. Rupert Baxter.	Miss Cameron.	Mrs. A. Croy.
Mrs. Bayley.	Mrs. Campbell.	Miss Croxford.
Mrs. Beasley.	Miss Campbell.	Mrs. S. Cunningham.
Mrs. Reginald Beckett.	Mr. R. J. Campbell.	
D. H. Beckett, Esq.	Mrs. R. J. Campbell.	Miss Maria Dalton.
Mrs. J. W. Begg.	Mr. C. H. B. Candy.	Mrs. Dalziel.
Mrs. Bell.	Mrs. Carling.	Mrs. Phyllis Darling.
Miss Helen Bell.	Mrs. Carmody.	Mrs. Thornton Davidson.
Miss Leslie Bell.	Mrs. Iona Carr.	Miss A. Davies.
Miss Mar Bell.	Miss Carruthers.	Miss W. Davies.
Mrs. Belshaw.	Mrs. Gibb Carsley.	Mrs. C. W. Davis.
Mrs. Best.	Lady Carson.	Miss M. Davis.
Mrs. Biggar.	Mrs. Cartwright.	Mrs. A. Joly de Lotbiniere.
Mrs. Biggs, P. of W.	Mrs. H. G. Cassels.	Miss de Mattos.
Mrs. L. W. Bingay.	Miss Beatrice Caverhill.	Mrs. Clark Dennis.
Mrs. H. S. Birkett.	Mrs. Cawthra, Sr.	Mrs. Basil Dent.
Miss Birkett.	Mrs. Cawthra.	Miss H. Dew, P. of W.
Mrs. W. A. Bishop.	Mr. Cawthra	Mrs. Dixon.
Mrs. Eldon Black.	Mrs. Chalk.	Mrs. Dolley Dod.
Mrs. Blackader.	Mrs. R. S. Chaplin.	Lady Drummond.

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Mrs. G. Duffus.	Miss Maureen Gibson,	Miss Hetherington.
Mrs. W. Stairs Duffus.	P. of W.	Miss Honor Heward.
Mrs. G. H. Duggan.	Mrs. F. Goldsmith.	Mrs. Heward.
Lady Duke.	Miss Goodlet.	Mrs. Hill.
Mrs. Duke.	Miss Goring.	Mrs. F. Hingston.
Miss Duke.	Mrs. Gossage.	Mrs. H. R. Hingston.
Mrs. Dunn.	Master S. M. Gossage.	Miss D. Hodgson.
Miss Dunsmuir.	Mrs. D. M. Gowlland.	Mrs. Holden, P. of W.
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	Miss Graham.	Miss Hollins.
	Miss Grant.	Miss C. Holman.
Mrs. Esdale.	Mrs. Donald Gray.	Lady Holt.
Mrs. F. Easton.	Mrs. Percy Gray.	Mrs. Holt.
Miss Edgar.	Mrs. Gray.	Miss Hood.
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Mrs. Edwards.	Miss Elsie Greene.	Mr. Horn.
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Mrs. Herbert Ellissen.	Miss W. Grier.	Mrs. Haydn Horsey.
Miss Elmore.	Mrs. A. H. Grier, P. of W.	Miss Houdret.
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Mrs. Emery.	Miss Gunn.	Mrs. Howland.
Miss Emmanuel.	Mrs. Fraser B. Gurd.	Mrs. Hudson.
Mrs. Jeffrey Evans.	Mrs. Gzowski.	Miss Helena Hughson.
Mrs. W. B. Evans.		Mrs. M. W. Huish.
		Miss Hunter.
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Mrs. Falkener.	Miss Clara Hagarty.	
Miss Farwell.	Miss G. Hagarty.	
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P. of W.	Miss D. Hamer.	Miss Marion Ives.
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Miss Margaret Fischoff.	Miss P. Hanson.	Mrs. Jemmett.
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Miss Fletcher.	Mrs. J. E. B. Harrison.	
Mrs. Fletcher.	Mrs. Harrower.	Miss E. Kay.
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Miss Louise Fraser, P. of W.	Mrs. Bruce Hay.	Miss K. Kentish.
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	Miss Hearn.	Mrs. Kettlewell.
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Miss Kate Galt.	Miss Heet.	Mrs. (Col.) Kidd.
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Mrs. A. H. Garrett.	Henderson.	Miss Elsie Kingman.
Mrs. R. J. Garrett.		Miss Eva Kingman.
Mrs. Brooks Gaskell.	Miss Hendrie.	Mrs. Kingman.
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Miss Gawith.	Miss Ruth Henshaw.	Miss H. Kirkpatrick.
Mrs. Gee.		Miss Gay Kohl, P. of W.



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		Miss Peggy Powell,
		P. of W.
Miss Dorothy O. McLaren.	Mrs. Nagle.	Miss Powell.
Mrs. Murray McLaren.	Miss Nagle.	Mrs. Paul Powis.
Mrs. McLean.	Mrs. Napier.	Miss S. C. Powley, P. of W.
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Mrs. MacDonald.	Miss Nicholas.	Miss E. M. Probst.
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Miss Jane Ross.	Mrs. Stratford.	Miss Waterlow.
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Mrs. Hunter.  
Mrs. Hunwicke.  
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Miss Helena Johnston.  
Miss Johnson.  
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Mrs. Kennedy.  
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Miss E. Kerr-Wilson.  
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Mrs. Kingman.  
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Mrs. Knowles.  
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Mrs. Lamb.  
Mrs. Lambert.  
Miss Elsie Lanfear.  
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Mrs. Lefroy (Convenor).  
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Mrs. Nutall.	Mrs. Rathbone-Edge.	Miss Sherman.
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 Miss Wheatcroft.  
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 Mrs. Henry Wood.  
 Mrs. Greig Wood.  
 Mrs. Woodcock  
     (Convenor).  
 Mrs. Woodhams.  
 The Lady Susan Worsley.  
 Mrs. Worsley.  
 Mrs. C. Wreford.  
 Mrs. A. W. Wright.  
 Mrs. Wright.  
 Mrs. Wrightson.

Mrs. Wyatt.  
 Miss Wylde.

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 Miss Young.  
 Mrs. Young.

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 Mrs. Lawrence Elliott.  
 Mrs. Clipperton.  
 Miss Martha Clarke.

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 Miss Bellamy.  
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 Miss Ives.  
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 Mrs. Lumbers.  
 Miss Jean Manson.  
 Mrs. Morgan.  
 Mrs. J. P. Oliver.  
 Mrs. John Rae.  
 Mrs. Ryde.  
 Mrs. Sorby.  
 Mrs. Street.

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 Mrs. Backwell.  
 Captain Rev. G. M. Barrow.  
 Mrs. Basden-Smith.  
 Mrs. Borthwick.  
 Mrs. Gurid Bouli  
     (Norwegian).  
 Mrs. Bramwall.  
 Mrs. Gordon Brown.  
 Major the Rev. Buckland.  
 Mrs. Casgrain.  
 Mrs. de la Bere.  
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 Miss Duke.  
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 Mrs. Bradshaw.  
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 Mrs. J. Coneys.  
 Miss Denton.  
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 Mrs. Illif.  
 Mrs. C. E. Lee.  
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 Miss Randall.  
 R. Poynton, Esq.  
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 Miss Redpath.  
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 Mrs. Hollinger.

Mrs. Slinger.  
 Miss Hammond.  
 Mrs. Hoare.  
 Miss Hill.  
 Miss Hayworth.  
 Miss Hay.  
 Mrs. Harte.  
 Mrs. Kinloch.  
 Mrs. King-Wilson.  
 Mrs. Norman Johnston.  
 Miss Irvine.  
 Miss Ives.  
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 Mrs. Moore.  
 Mrs. Wells.  
 Mrs. Wells-Cole.  
 Mrs. J. Wells.  
 Miss Watkins.  
 Miss Waterhouse.  
 Mrs. Macauley Arnaud.  
 Mrs. Sketfington  
     Thompson.

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 Miss Algay.  
 Mrs. Allanby.  
 Mrs. G. Allum.  
 Miss S. Allum.  
 Mrs. Alnott.  
 Mrs. B. Ames.  
 Mrs. Anderson.  
 Mrs. Anquier.  
 Mrs. Archibald.  
 Mrs. Argles.  
 Miss Argles.  
 Mrs. Armitage.  
 Mrs. Arnoldi.  
 Mrs. Ashton.  
 Miss Avoline.  
 Miss Adams.  
 Mrs. Bagnall.  
 Mde. de Bartholmey.  
 Mrs. Bevan.  
 Mrs. Biggar.  
 Mrs. G. Bingay.  
 Mrs. H. Blake.  
 Miss Blake.  
 Mrs. M. F. Blandford.  
 Mrs. Blandy.  
 Mrs. Bond.  
 Mrs. R. Bowie.  
 Mrs. Brooke.

Mrs. Brooks.  
 Miss Brown.  
 Mrs. M. Brown.  
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 Mrs. F. Balston.  
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 Mrs. Brailsford.  
 Mrs. Beevor.  
 Mrs. D. Bell.  
 Mrs. Blackey.  
 Mrs. Bradshaw.  
 Mrs. Brewis.  
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 Mrs. Batchelor.  
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 Mrs. Bolton.  
 Mrs. G. H. Bowlby.  
 Mrs. Archer Baker.  
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 Miss Campbell.  
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 Mrs. Renton-Campbell.  
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 Mrs. Carling.  
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 Mrs. Davidson.  
 The Hon N. Dawnay.  
 Miss M. Day.  
 Her Excellency Lady de  
     Bunsen.



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Mrs. Drummond.  
Mrs. Drury.  
Mrs. Dulckon.  
Mrs. Denne.  
Miss Dobbin.  
Mrs. N. Drew.  
Mrs. Dyas.  
Mrs. Duggan.  
Mrs. Decks.

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Mrs. Edwards.  
Miss Edwards.  
Mrs. Elphinson.  
Miss England.  
Mrs. Evans.  
Mrs. Eastham.  
Mrs. Elliott.

Mrs. Fallis.  
The Misses Ferrier.  
Mrs. Fox.  
Mrs. Flewitt.  
Mrs. E. B. Finlay.  
Mrs. Flower.  
Mrs. Firebrace.

Mrs. Gillespie.  
Mrs. Golden.  
Miss Goodwin.  
Mrs. G. Grant.  
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Lady Godson.  
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Miss Hay.  
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Miss D. Hudson.  
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R. E. Hill, Esq.

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Mrs. Ingraham.  
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Miss Jones.  
Mrs. Jones.  
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Mrs. James.

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Miss Kendall.  
Miss Kent.  
Mrs. Kidd.  
Mrs. King-Wilson.  
Mrs. Kinloch.  
Mrs. Kilcoin.

Lady Lake.  
Mrs. Langley.  
Mrs. Leishman.  
Mrs. Leonard.  
Mrs. Leslie.  
Mrs. Leslie.  
Miss Levett.  
Mrs. H. Lloyd.  
Miss Lloyd-Baker.  
Mrs. J. Louche.  
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Mrs. Lawton.  
Mrs. Langley.  
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Miss G. Lea.  
Mrs. Lowe.  
Mrs. W. Leggatt.  
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Mrs. Malone.

Mrs. Martin-Hall.  
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Mrs. McGillvray.  
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Mrs. MacKarness.  
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Mrs. Moore.  
Mrs. McLaren.  
Miss E. MacInnes.  
Mrs. Moore.  
Mrs. Marten.  
Mrs. Mattinson.  
Mrs. C. K. S. MacDonell.

Mrs. H. G. Nyblett.  
Miss Nairn.

Miss Oldfield.  
Miss Oldham.  
Mrs. O'Donahoe.  
Mrs. Outerbridge.  
Mrs. Obed-Smith.

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Mrs. Percival.  
Mrs. Pratt.  
Mrs. P. Potter.  
Miss Plumtree.  
Miss K. M. Packard.

Miss Randall.  
Mrs. Randolph.  
Lady Ratcliffe-Ellis.  
Mrs. Rhodes.  
Mrs. Richardson.  
Miss K. Rickaby.  
Mrs. Ridout.  
Miss Roberts.

LIST OF VISITORS—*continued*

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Mrs. V. Robertson	Miss Snelling.	Miss Tempest Hicks.
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Mrs. Rogers.	Mrs. Springer.	Mrs. Urquhart.
Mrs. Rosamund.	Miss Stansfield.	
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Mrs. Ross.	Miss Stark.	Smisson.
Mrs. Rowden-Hussey.	Miss Stirling-Stuart.	
Miss Ryan.	Miss I. Stockley.	Mrs. Walker.
Mrs. Real.	Mrs. Stokes.	Mrs. R. Walker.
Mrs. Reid.	Mrs. E. Street.	Mrs. Wallace.
Mrs. Read.	Mrs. Sutton.	Mrs. R. Walsh.
Mrs. Richardson.	Mrs. J. Swainson.	Mrs. Wheeler-Bennett.
	Miss S. Sams.	Miss White.
Mrs. St. Loe Strachey.	Mrs. T. Sorby.	Miss Whitehead.
Mrs. Schofield.	Mrs. Stovin.	Mrs. W. Wild.
Miss G. Secord.	Mrs. Stavert.	Mrs. Wilkinson.
Mrs. Sills.	Mrs. Otto Shaw.	Mrs. Wolfe Merton.
Sister Elizabeth.	Mrs. Slinger.	Miss Wotherspoon.
Mrs. Skipworth.	Colonel Stirling.	Mrs. Wrinch.
Miss B. Smith.	Mrs. Stevenson.	Mrs. E. G. Wynyard.
Miss E. Smith.		Mrs. Weigall.
Mrs. R. Smith.	Captain Tailyour.	Mrs. Warner.
Mrs. Spalding.	Mrs. A. T. Taylor.	Mrs. J. Wells.
Lady Speed.	Miss B. Tickell.	Mrs. Winsby.



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Colonel Eastwood, Holly Bank, Woodstock; Mrs. Edgeworth, Cherbury, Booterstown, Dublin; —, Elliott-Lockhart, Cleghorn, Lanark, N.B.

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Mrs. Norman, Moor Place, Much Hadham, Herts. ; Mrs. Nugent, Bally Edmund, Killowen, Co. Down.

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Mrs. Paul, Redcot, Knock, Belfast ; Mrs. Paul, Lis-na-rede, Portavo, Donaghadee ; Mr. Palmer-Morewood, Alfreton Park, Derby ; Mrs. Geo. Pauling, The Lodge, Effingham, Surrey ; Colonel and Mrs. Park, Moieton House, Moreton, Dorchester ; Mrs. Parker, Henbury House, Wimborne, Dorset ; Mrs. Penrose, Lismore Castle, Lismore, Waterford ; Mrs. Price, 8, Louisa Terrace, Exmouth, Devon ; Mrs. Punchon, Ingleby House, Ingleby Cross, Northallerton.



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Mr. Wadman, Priesthawes, Westham, Pevensey ; Lady Clementine Waring, Lennel Coldstream, N.B. ; Lady Watson, Escrick Park, Yorks. ; C. H. Weston, Leconfield, Bonchurch, Ventnor, I. of Wight ; Mrs. Whalley, 30, South Street, Mayfair, W. ; Mrs. Whalley, Hellens, Much Marcle, via Gloucester ; Mrs. Whalley, Craig-y-don, Llanfalog, Anglesey ; Mrs. Wolryche Whitmore, Theydden Grange, Alton, Hants. ; Mrs. Arthur Whitting, 4, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, S.W. ; Mrs. Williams, The Malt House, West Woodhay ; Mrs. Bransby Williams, Killay House, Sketty, S.O., Glamorgan ; H. H. Williams, Penair, Truro, Cornwall ; Major and Mrs. Williams, Scorrier House, Scorrier, Cornwall ; J. C. Williams, Caerhays Castle, Gorran, R.S.O., Cornwall ; Lady Wyndham-Quin, Castletown, Carrick-on-Suir, Waterford ; W. Barton Worthington, Kirkstyles, Duffield, Derbyshire ; A. H. Winder, Mount Kirdon, Cork ; Mrs. Wise, Belleville Park, Cappoquin ; Mrs. Williams, Sheridan Villa, Lisburn Road, Belfast.

## ERRATA

Page 23	8th line—Miss “Elise” Kingman
47	10th line—“they’re”
78	19th line—“tranquillity”
80	Miss “June” Allen Miss “Mary” Bell “Miss” Clipperton Miss “M.” Dew
81	Mrs. “Easdale” Miss “Elise” Kingman
82	Lady “Loomis”
83	“Miss” Phyllis Taylor
84	Miss Carey (“Rochester”)
85	Mrs. “Melville” Hogg
86	Mrs. “Manly” Sims
88	Miss “Wheat”
89	Dowager Countess “Crawford”
92	Mrs. “Bulkeley”





The heading "Former Visitors" on page 89 may be explained by the fact that this list—the last to be compiled—was drawn up in 1917. There were not many new names afterwards. Mrs. R. W. Reford may be mentioned as having visited for a time at the Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital, which stood in the beautiful grounds of Lord and Lady Astor at Cliveden. Lady Astor, though not on the list "of our visitors" was friend to every wounded soldier in those long hospital wards. Lady Drummond will be grateful if any who remember names omitted will forward them to her at 3432 Drummond Street, Montreal.









































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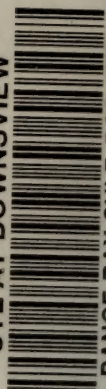
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HV	Carr, Iona K
580	A story of the Canadian
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	Bureau during the Great War



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